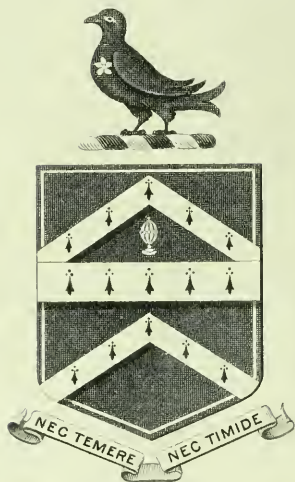


ARTHUR DELORAINÉ COREY

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A MEMORIAL



*L. E. Holden*

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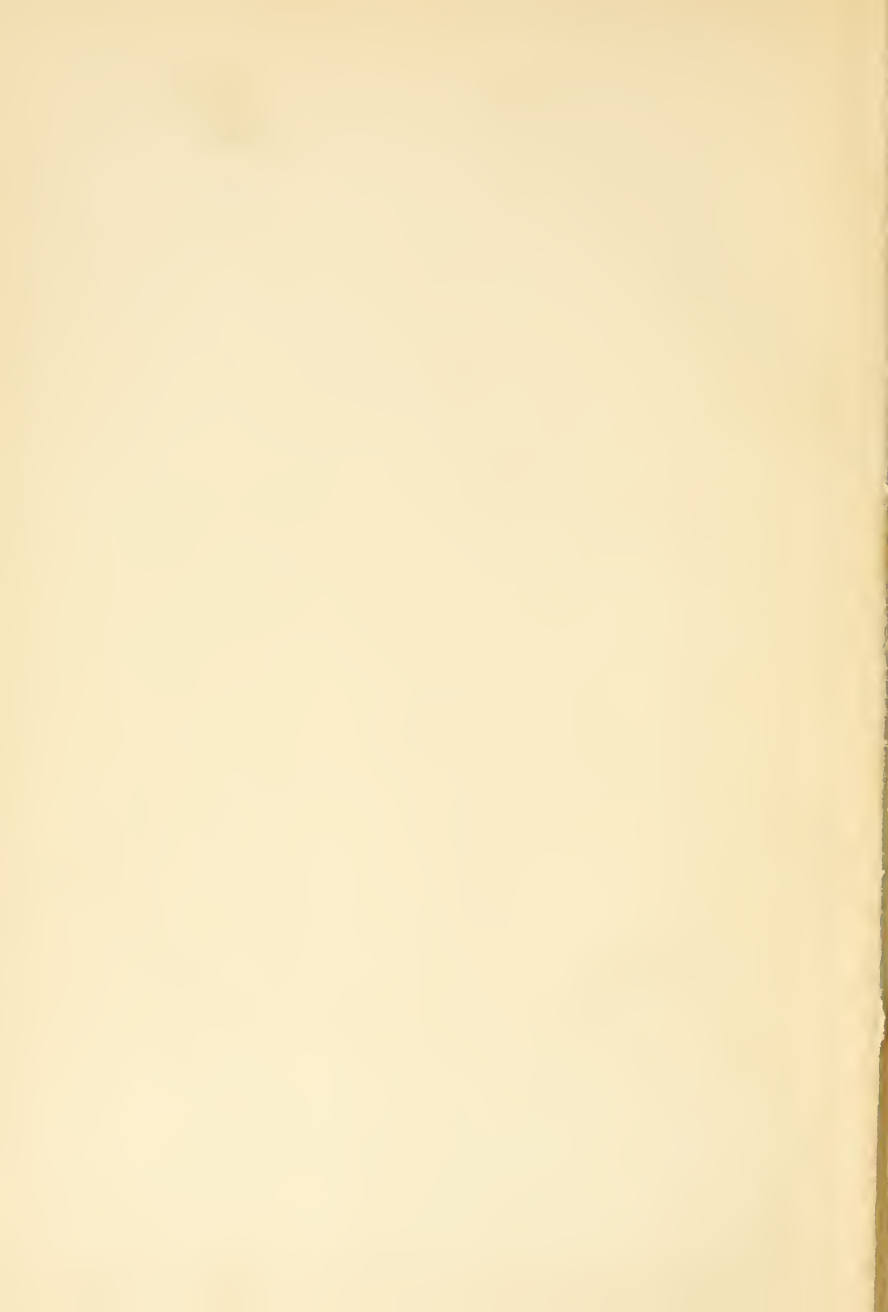


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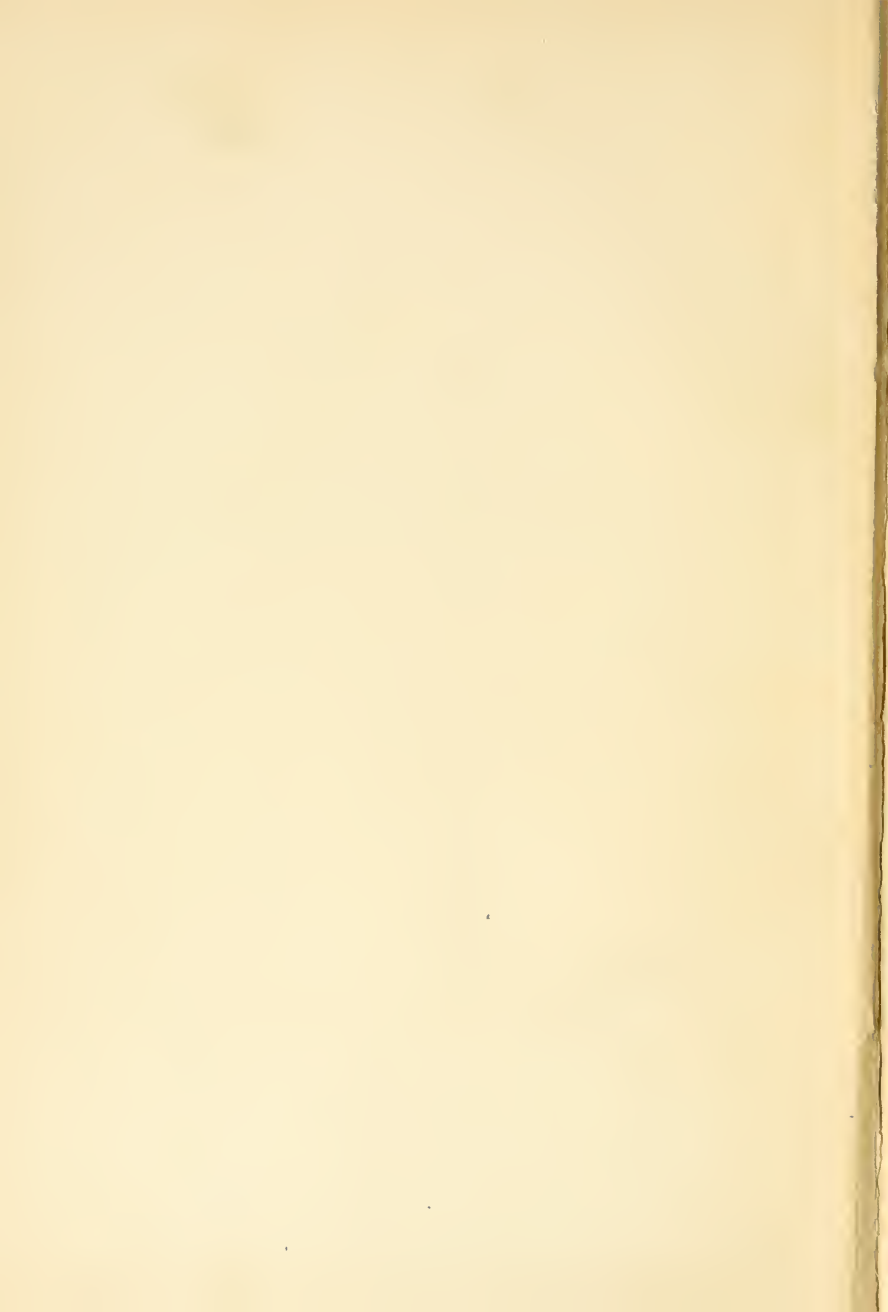
Lavinia Golden Corey.

Aug 22. 1898.

Malden.



ARTHUR DELORAINÉ COREY







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# ARTHUR DELORAINÉ COREY

1866-1891

## A Memorial

I cannot think he wished so soon to die,  
With all his senses full of eager heat,  
And rosy years that stood expectant by  
To buckle the winged sandals on their feet.

LOWELL

SECOND EDITION.

CAMBRIDGE

JOHN WILSON AND SON

University Press

1893

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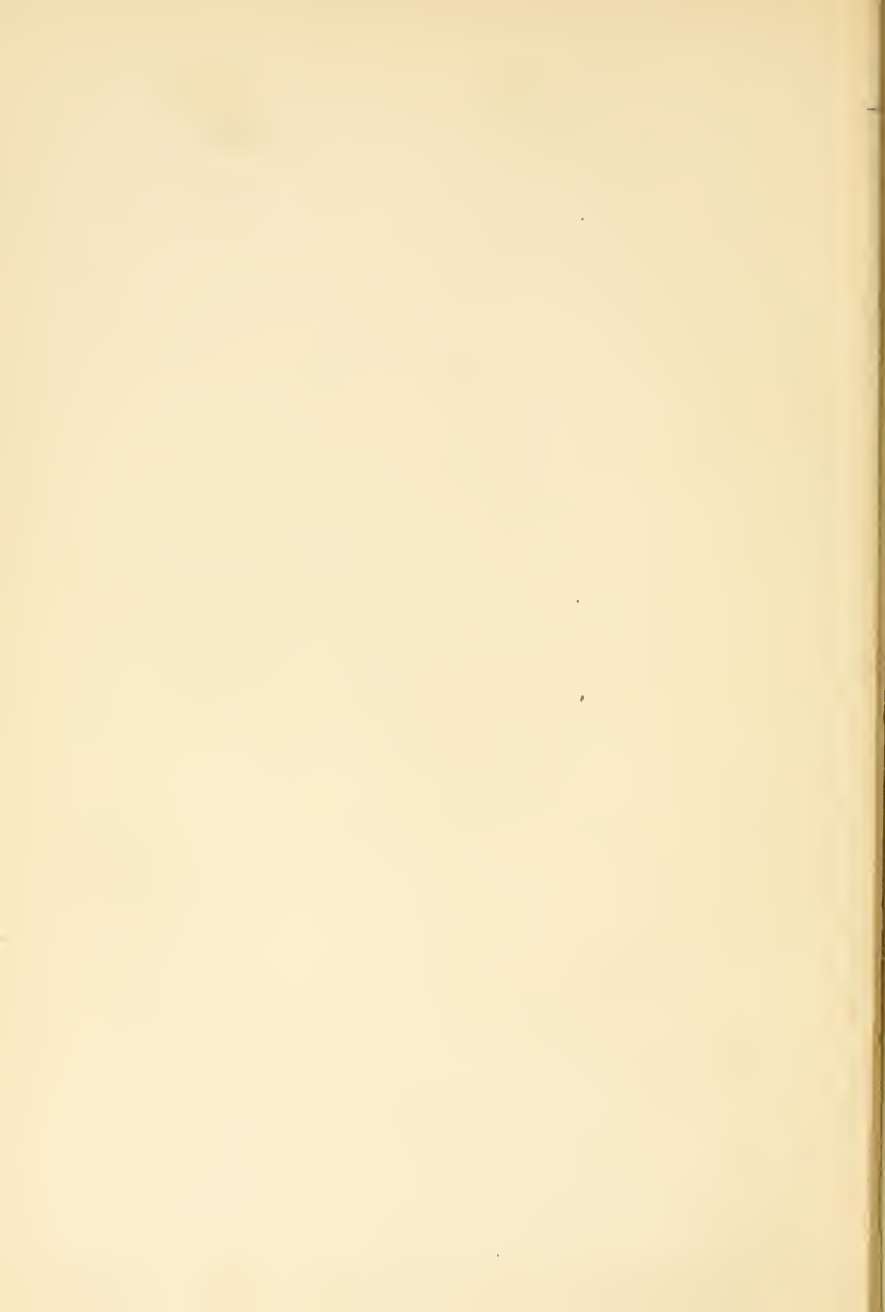
1893



*O weary days and weary nights !  
O weary life that binds them all !  
    O dreary life, bereft, and bare  
    Of earthly hope and joy, — and care.*

*O barren mystery of life !  
O peaceful death, that ends it all !  
    Rest, folded hands, and pale, cold face,  
    Unfretted now, in silent grace.*

*O happy promise of God's love,  
That turneth darkness into light !  
    Through death, that takes from us the best,  
    All shall return to us, — and rest.*



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# ARTHUR DELORAINE COREY.

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## L I F E.

ARTHUR DELORAINE COREY, the only child of Deloraine Pendre and Isabella (Holden) Corey, was born at Malden, Massachusetts, on the thirteenth of April, 1866. By both parents he was descended from a race of ancestors who had borne their part in the settlement and progress of New England, whose names he often recalled with an honorable pride. Of the Plymouth Pilgrims — the “first comers,” or the passengers of the “Mayflower,” the “Fortune,” and the “Ann” — he numbered thirteen of those whose blood he bore; and the names of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins, of John Howland and Elizabeth Tilley, those lovers of the “Mayflower,” familiar to his childish ears, may have sunk into his heart and influenced in many ways his future character.

Among his ancestors were Joseph Hills, the compiler of the Massachusetts Laws of 1648, and John

Wayte, one of the "faction in the generall court" denounced by Edmund Randolph in 1682, soldiers and co-workers in the Zion of New England, and founders, above all others, of the town of Malden. Ezekiel Cheever, the celebrated Latin schoolmaster of New England, himself a University man from old Cambridge, powerful in the ancient languages and in theology as well as in discipline, and his compeers, faithful pastors, college-bred in the Motherland, and shining lights in the early churches, may have transmitted through the intervening generations some of the traits which were conspicuous in their descendant. Of the latter were the Rev. Ralph Partridge, the first minister of Duxbury, who, according to Cotton Mather, possessed the loftiness of an eagle and the innocence of a dove; and his son-in-law, the Rev. Thomas Thacher of Weymouth, who became the first pastor of the Old South Church in Boston. With them were the Rev. John Reyner of Plymouth and Dover, and the Rev. Thomas Cheever, pastor of Malden and afterwards the first minister of Rumney Marsh, or Chelsea. Of his more immediate ancestors, Capt. Joseph Cheever led his company at Bunker Hill and Trenton, and was complimented by Washington; Lieut. John Holden was out at the Lexington alarm, and served in the Continental army; and Corp. Peter Winsor, youthful and

sturdy, a son of the hardy mariners of Plymouth Bay, saw the surrender of Burgoyne and endured the privations of Valley Forge. Besides these, there were among his ancestors church elders and faithful town officers, hardy farmers and mechanics of all trades, — God-fearing men and ardent patriots in their days and generations. He used to say that he was a Puritan of Puritans born, and that he had a right to be proud of his heritage. I think he never lost this pride of birth, even when abroad; and it is certain that he returned to his home with his Americanism unimpaired. He despised the affectation which takes on foreign airs because they are foreign; but he revered the feeling that keeps a German a German, or makes a thorough Englishman of an Englishborn.

The little acts of children and their sayings are things that remain in our hearts. They are, perhaps, the most abiding memories of life. They cannot be told, for we cannot convey to another the sense of the unheard music that they strike upon the chords of our souls. We cannot express the sweetness and innocence of those things that have come to be a part of our inner life. Only those who have known their children by the closest ties of sympathy and companionship can fully feel the inexhaustible charm of the thoughts that go back

to the early years of our children. How dear to us are those quaint sayings, those outbursts of childish wisdom, those subtle questionings that we could not answer, those grotesque fancies! With a greater charm and a deeper fulness do they come to us when we see them through a mist of tears. Around the life of the little boy gathered in rich profusion those precious things that have become the treasures of our hearts. We see him in memory as a laughing, golden-haired child, full of life and fun, full of gravity and wonder, — his face now rippling with laughter, his eyes now flooded with tears, as his baby joys or sorrows came to him. Speech came to him early with remarkable clearness, and he used it to express his thoughts and needs with readiness and ease. With a child's wisdom he thought out the difficult problems of his little life, settling his troubles sometimes in his own way. A peculiar trait of his early childhood was that he always fulfilled his promises. A bargain made was never broken, however hard it might become in its fulfilment. He seemed to have an instinctive idea of justice that prompted him to regard the rights of others, and made him strenuous for his own rights as well. Truth seemed to be a second nature with him, for he never dissembled or equivocated. His conscientiousness held him to a strict accountability to himself.



As a child, he was of a constitution which made it desirable that he should not enter school for several years; but by his natural quickness of comprehension and his remarkable memory, he gathered knowledge so easily and rapidly that at the age of five years he was far in advance of those who were older and had attended school during several terms. Books were his toys as soon as he knew his letters, and were held as his chiefest treasures; but withal, he was a child as simple and unconstrained as if books were not and study had not entered into his life. In his play, full of life, and thought as well, he peopled his mimic world with a race of beings who joined in his sports and for the time were as real to him as living children. Then, when the hours devoted to his books came, he left them without regret, and with fidelity and pleasure returned to his studies, which he followed with an earnestness of purpose that belongs to students of older years. In this he showed an honesty which followed him through life, which prompted him to fulfil all tasks and requirements with equal thoroughness, whether they were trivial or important. He may sometimes have delayed the performance of a duty or work, but when it was once begun it was never shirked or imperfectly performed.

His capacity for study increased with the growth

of his mind. So facile was the acquirement of knowledge to him that it seemed sometimes as if learning were intuitive. This trait was never lost by him. Through life he was a close student, never a hard one. There was no labor in his method, as labor is understood; there was a quiet reading, varied by intervals of thought, and the task was accomplished. By some imperceptible but powerful effort he had taken the subject into his mind, and henceforth it was there, classified and ready for use when he should need it. Those who knew him best in after years know how he could call out of his memory the most exact information upon matters of which he had not heard or thought for a long time.

As he grew in years, frequent but not serious attacks of illness still prevented his going into the public schools; but he had the best of teachers, a careful and loving mother, who, getting a close acquaintance with the schools by frequent visits, kept her pupil in advance of the classes to which he naturally would have belonged. He used to say, afterwards, that it was a matter of surprise to him, when he first went to school, that he had only to recite a little of the lesson, while with his mother he had to repeat it all. Undoubtedly, these earlier years of study deepened and strengthened the idea of thoroughness in his mind, and influenced his future

course. Thus, the earnest care of the mother and the conscientious care of the child were laying deep foundations for the coming years.

At length, most of the ills of his earlier years having disappeared, at the age of nine years he was sent to the Centre Grammar School, which, by reason of the destruction by fire of the house on Pleasant Street, was then held in the High School building on Salem Street. This school was then under the charge of Mr. George A. Littlefield, a progressive and successful teacher. Here his acquirements placed him at once among those of advanced years, while his youth and his delicate appearance gained him the playful title of "the Baby."

On the third day of his attendance, the three upper classes of the school were joined in a spelling-match. It was said that some of the scholars expressed dissatisfaction at having so small a boy on their side. Little could have been expected of the youngest and smallest of them all; but as the floor was cleared by successive failures, the tallest boy of the highest class and "the Baby" were left standing side by side. After several trials, the latter, becoming confused, went down by a mistake, which was corrected as soon as it was uttered. The book which the holder of the second place received from his appreciative teacher was preserved by the

little boy among his treasures, and still stands upon the book-shelf where he placed it.

The young scholar advanced rapidly, and was graduated the third in the class in 1877, two years after he had entered the school. He was at this time eleven years old, and the youngest grammar school graduate in the town. It is worthy of remark, as showing the quality of his scholarship, that he appeared as the fourth scholar in the town in the examinations made for admission to the High School. In this examination penmanship, excellence in which is not a test of scholarship, was considered; had it been eliminated he would have stood at the head, showing an average of 93.3, the three scholars who exceeded him in the committee's report having, by the same elimination, averages of 92.1, 91.4, and 89.3.

In the fall of 1877 he was admitted to the High School, being the youngest scholar who has ever joined the school. The prospect of a college education had taken possession of his mind, and even then he was looking forward to a life which would be spent in acquiring and imparting knowledge. Although at times some thoughts of a life in the law or as a physician may have come to him, then and afterwards, they were never of moment, and were soon dispelled by the stronger longings of his

mind. A growing taste for the literature of the ancients had possessed him, and he resolved to work for all that a classical education could give him. When in the second year he began the study of Greek, what had before been a liking became a passion; and thenceforth he found his greatest pleasure in the study and contemplation of the literature and art of the Hellenic and Roman worlds.

The principal of the High School at that time was Mr. Charles A. Daniels, a graduate of Harvard College, and a classical scholar of ability and fervor. To him Arthur was ever loyal, and he held him in the most affectionate remembrance. In the brief sketch of his life appended to the dissertation which gained him the doctorate at Berlin, he thus refers to his old teacher: "*Neque Carolum Danielsium, præceptorem dilectissimum, qui me admodum puerum in litteras Græcas primus introduxit, hoc loco præterire velim.*"

The four years of his attendance at the High School were marked by the devotion to duty and conscientious application to study which had characterized his earlier years. The same readiness to receive and retain knowledge remained with him and seemed to increase as his mind opened to the contemplation of wider fields. Here he began a larger acquaintance with books, which he early

learned to use with skill. In general, he was not a rapid reader. During his High School life he probably indulged in a wider range of reading than ever afterward, when his special studies became more absorbing; and his diaries show a varied but well chosen list of books which he read. In this there was never haste nor impatience; but he read his author from beginning to end, allowing no word or idea to escape his thorough comprehension. In this he manifested the extreme honesty of his mind, which permitted no trifling. Later, when books became his tools, he showed that he was their master by the ease with which he made them to yield only that of which he was in need.

A congenital weakness, which in time he seemed to outgrow, prevented him from indulging in the rougher and more active sports of boyhood; but he enjoyed his holidays and vacations with an eager relish, and readily fell out of the usual studious habits of his life. At times he occupied his leisure in the study and collection of minerals and of coins; and like most boys, he had a liking for postage stamps, of which, with a boy's ardor, he gathered a well-ordered collection in a good condition. He also evinced an inherited taste for genealogy and local history, which he made to answer a good purpose in his school compositions and essays; and he

made a preliminary collection for a history of the Sprague family, which he intended to continue and would probably have completed had he lived.

His record as a scholar in the High School was a remarkable one. In the four years of the course he was neither absent nor tardy, nor was he ever dismissed. In his studies he was always found above the average, except in a single instance, when in penmanship, to which I have elsewhere objected, he fell below; and in his deportment, from the beginning to the end, he constantly maintained the highest standard, never having received a single mark for misdemeanor. At the close of the school in June, 1881, he was graduated at the head of the class. It is remembered that his childish appearance excited much interest when he stepped forward to receive his diploma. In the Class Prophecies he was referred to as "our smiling little classmate, our 'end man,' our only sweet-voiced tenor," and in the Class History as "the pride and darling of the class,"—playful reminders of the estimation in which he was held by his associates.

On the thirtieth day of June, 1881, being admitted to the examinations at Cambridge, Arthur realized one of the aspirations of his life. On the first day, while at work in the examination room, he was unfortunately taken sick. For the moment he de-

spaired of being able to proceed; but, although he lost the rest of that day, he presented himself the next morning and accomplished the work of the remaining examinations. With anxiety he awaited the result, and it was with much gratification that he finally received a certificate of admission to the college. This, while it conditioned him in "Cicero at sight and Latin composition," as a result of his sudden illness, admitted him with honors, giving him "credit in prescribed classics and mathematics, and prescribed and elective Greek." As an evidence of his ability to have passed the conditioned subjects, it may be stated that those conditions were never called, but were removed by excellence in those or kindred subjects during the Freshman year.

He entered Harvard College on the third day of October, 1881, being the youngest of the Freshman class. He obtained a quiet room in the house at the northwesterly corner of Harvard and Trowbridge streets, where he gathered his books and sat himself down to work with the steadiness and faithfulness which had marked his earlier years. In this house he remained until the Senior year, making friends of its inmates, and finding many hours of enjoyment in the ways to which his simple tastes led him. Most of all was he happy while at work in the se-



clusion of his room and in the class; but he was not unmindful of the pleasures which he obtained by intercourse with others, especially if they were interested in matters which interested him, — better still, if they were enthusiasts and could sympathize with him in his classical ardor. Although he kept his room in Harvard Street, he continued to live at home in Malden, which was not far away; and the sober-faced, but cheerful, boy became a familiar sight to the car-drivers and conductors, who always had a pleasant word for him.

The Freshman year was given to prescribed studies, of which he has left no definite record; but I can remember the pleasure which he found in a course of lectures on Greek and Roman Literature by Assistant-Professor Dyer, to whom he became much attached. So well was his work done that, at the beginning of the second term, he was admitted to the advanced sections in Greek, Latin, and German. At the close of the year he was ranked as the seventeenth in a class of two hundred and seventeen members, with an average of ninety per cent in his studies. His record is here given from the annual rank lists. The mathematical studies were followed with a stern sense of duty, but never with pleasure, and he rejoiced when he was relieved from them.

## RECORD, 1881-82.

Maximum Greek . . . . .	93
Maximum Latin . . . . .	92
Classical Lectures . . . . .	97
German . . . . .	90
Solid Geometry . . . . .	88
Trigonometry . . . . .	84
Analytic Geometry . . . . .	88
Algebra . . . . .	97
Minimum Physics . . . . .	85
Chemistry . . . . .	84

During the summer he was mostly engaged in general reading as a means of relaxation, and he began reading for second-year Honors. A fortnight at the White Mountains gave intensity to his love for natural scenery, in which he took a quiet pleasure. Here, also, he indulged in a quaint habit, which he followed from childhood, in getting acquainted with farmers and workmen, who were always ready to gossip with him. Missed one day at Jefferson, he was found to have been digging potatoes with a newly-found acquaintance, whose friendship he gained and valued. Another habit, which was not acquired but natural, was that of making friends of elderly people. One such friendship, contracted in the cars while travelling between his home and Cambridge, was that with the late

Horatio N. Perkins of Melrose, in which the ripened experience of the man and the enthusiasm of the scholar gave a charm to their acquaintance, which seems to have been pleasant to both. A longer friendship was that with the late John H. LaCoste, which began at the Isles of Shoals in the golden-haired days of the little boy and continued until the death of the elder in 1882. The memory of his friend was always fresh in his mind, and the presents which the child received were carefully preserved by the young man.

At the beginning of the Sophomore year, English rhetoric being the only prescribed study, he was free to follow the bent of his mind; and his best and most earnest efforts were given to the classics. His courses as laid out gave him sixteen hours of class-work weekly, besides the reading for Honors, which he had begun in the summer.

In December he received a Detur, prized by Harvard men. This distribution of books to meritorious students of one year's standing is made from the income of the foundation of Edward Hopkins, and is awarded *pro insigni in studiis diligentia*. At the close of the year, his ambition was gratified by the reception of highest honors in classics, the certificate of which, simply framed, he hung upon the wall of his room. With it he placed certificates

of membership in the Harvard Total Abstinence League and the Society of Christian Brethren. The three formed a series of *shingles*, which indicated with clearness the character of the young man. His habits of study were still those of his earlier years. He was always engaged, but never in haste; he worked steadily, but never with effort; and when the season for study was past, there was usually little of fatigue, and his mind was as free as if recreation were his only business. The results of the second year fulfilled the promise of the first, and showed that he had been true to himself, and that his mind had been growing broader and stronger under the discipline of thought.

## RECORD, 1882-83.

Greek 1 . . . . .	96
Greek Composition . . . . .	91
Latin 1 . . . . .	93
Latin Composition . . . . .	98
French 2 . . . . .	99
Philosophy 1 . . . . .	73
Sophomore Rhetoric . . . . .	84
Sophomore Themes . . . . .	81

The vacation of this year was spent partly at home, where he showed the ease with which he could drop out of his studious life into the simple and happy life of a careless boy, and partly in the

White Mountains, at Jefferson, where he renewed the friendships with the country folk which he had formed the year before.

The prospects of Arthur at the beginning of the Junior year were most promising. In good health and with abundant energy, he prepared for a year of happy labor. His courses as arranged gave him eighteen hours of work in the class-rooms each week, besides the prescribed Junior themes and forensics; and the task appeared light to the ardent student. But days and weeks of pain and discouragement, rather than of pleasant study, were before him.

On the seventeenth day of November he came home unwell and rapidly grew worse. It was found that he was extremely sick with scarlet fever. For a time the result seemed doubtful; but a skilful physician and the best of nurses, a careful mother, in the providence of God, triumphed at last. It was not until the third of January that he was able to leave the house, and his first visit to Cambridge was not until the sixteenth of February. Those three months of seclusion held many dark days for the disappointed boy. So long a break in his studies was serious in itself, and his condition was such that his physician advised his withdrawal from the college for the remainder of the year. It is probable that he would have insisted upon returning to

Cambridge, had not several of his friends in the Faculty urged him, in the strongest terms, to remain away. His decision was not easily made, and the disappointment caused by dropping out of the class of '85 was great. He had formed friendships in the class that were dear to him, and he regarded as a great misfortune the necessity which separated him from them. He never fully recovered from that feeling; and one of the saddest days of his life, I think, was that on which the class of '85 was graduated.

Absence from Cambridge, however, did not mean absence from study. Before he had finally left the sick chamber he renewed his reading. Towards the end of February, he notes in his diary the reading of the "Suppliants" of Æschylus, and soon after the "Seven Against Thebes." He also soon began a course of Greek reading to assist an old school friend, which was continued through the spring and summer, in addition to his own systematic reading of the Tragedians. With all this he found time for much other reading, principally of historical works, both in French and English, noting in the latter the six volumes of Gibbon's "Rome," which he read with his usual conscientious thoroughness. During the summer he anticipated some of the work of the next year, especially in completing a

thesis, — “A Study of *Æschylus*.” In September he spent several days, which he enjoyed to the utmost, with friends upon the shore of Lake Winnipiseogee, and then went to his favorite Jefferson, where, with his parents and other friends, he passed the most pleasant season of those which he spent in the heart of the mountains.

Fully recovered from his sickness, with a body refreshed and a mind eager for the study to which he looked forward, more eager, perhaps, for the disappointment and enforced absence of the past year, Arthur returned to Cambridge with the highest enthusiasm. His chosen courses for this year covered twenty hours of class work each week, besides the prescribed theses and forensics. The autumn passed pleasantly away, and all the conditions for a year fruitful of good results seemed to be his. Under the date of Saturday, the twentieth of December, he wrote in his diary:—

“Pleasant and very cold. Thermometer  $-10^{\circ}$  in the morning. Had an hour examination in Philosophy 5.”

He wrote no more until the tenth of February, when he made the following entry:—

“A regular January thaw with rain, but clear at night. I have now sufficiently recovered from typhoid fever to recommence my diary, though as yet I write in bed and sit up only long enough to have my bed made.”

On the day first mentioned, he returned home a little indisposed. A typhoid fever rapidly developed, and on Monday he was unable to leave his bed. The fever was long and severe; and at last, ulceration of the bowels began. Very nearly then was the career of the young student closed. The pain and weariness of the body were all but lost to him in the mental pain and disappointment which he felt, as for the second time his plans were broken and his hopes seemed about to pass away. Happily, with the care of his physician, his dear friend and kinsman, and the watchful nursing, again, of a tender mother, by God's will, death, which seemed so near, departed from him, and the disease in its complications abated.

On the fourteenth of March he was able to go out of the house. At first it seemed as if he might be obliged to lose another year. The prospect was a grievous one to him; but as his strength increased, he resolved to make an effort to pass the regular examinations. On the 9th of March, although at that time he had not been able to sit at the family meals, he wrote: "Began regularly to make up back work." Fears that so long an absence might seriously interfere with his progress were a constant trouble to him; but he found strength and an incentive for effort in the ready sympathy of those



professors whose approbation he most valued. "I am truly sorry," wrote one, "to hear that you have had such obstacles in your college course. We need you very much to help put a little life into the division, and when you come back you may study as much or as little as you think fit." "I am sure," wrote another, "the Faculty will be ready to grant every possible indulgence to one who has had such an excellent record in the past, and who has suffered such an accumulation of misfortunes."

It was a happy day when he went to Cambridge for the first time after his second absence. Soon after, he passed a "make up" examination; and on the eighth of April he renewed his regular work, dropping, however, three extra courses with which he had begun the year. Until this time he had continued the practice of returning to Malden each night; but he now remained at Cambridge through the week. This was an important gain, as it gave him opportunities, which he gladly improved, of a larger intercourse with those whose acquaintance and esteem he had learned to value. In those days friendships were formed or enlarged that were lifelong pleasures to him, that in the clear mental vision of his dying hours were recalled with earnestness and love. His diaries are filled with notes of the pleasant ways in which he passed his brief

seasons of relaxation, now calling upon a favorite instructor, now dropping in upon a classical man, or welcoming one to his own room.

There were earnest and ardent minds in the little classical circle of instructors and students which was insensibly brought together, and which had a quickening influence upon classical work in the University. Its members are scattered now, some in death, some have carried their earnestness and ardor to enrich the scholarship of other institutions; but they have left their impress upon the University which they honored. Out of this circle came the Classical Club, which held its first meeting at the room of Charles P. Parker, on the twenty-third of October, 1885. The professors and instructors of the Greek and Latin departments of the University were members of the club, *ex officio*, and students and resident graduates, who had received second-year Honors, were eligible to membership. At that time Harvard had obtained in some quarters an anti-classical reputation, although its departments were graced by the names of Allen, Croswell, Dyer, Goodwin, Greenough, Lane, Smith, and White; and the Classical Club was considered as a protest against this unfounded opinion. The devoted classical feeling and zeal of the original members of the club gave it a healthy and helpful life, which it still main-

tains. In the formation of this club Arthur was active; and he was the secretary of the organization, — its only officer, until he left Cambridge in 1887.

Residence in Cambridge, while it gave opportunities for his own improvement, gave him opportunities to influence others by example and personal appeals. With a fresh interest, he now entered into the work of the Harvard Total Abstinence League, of which he had been a member since January, 1883; and following the deep religious instincts of his mind, he soon allied himself with the Society of Christian Brethren. In the work of the latter society he engaged with the simple sincerity which characterized him.

In the meantime, his studies were pursued with ever increasing eagerness. On one day he notes the reading of about fifteen hundred and fifty lines of Greek tragedy, which in his thoroughness was no idle task. And so the year passed away and the closing days of '85 came. Sad was its Class Day to him. Sadder, even, was Commencement; but he rejoiced with his friends and classmates in the triumphs they had won, sorrowing only that he might not stand with them at the end.

## RECORD, 1884-85.

Greek 6 . . . . .	80
Greek 9 . . . . .	98
Latin 6 . . . . .	93
Latin 7 . . . . .	88
French 3 . . . . .	99
Junior Themes . . . . .	78
Junior Forensics . . . . .	98

At the beginning of the Senior year, Arthur removed from Harvard Street to equally pleasant rooms at number 12 Plympton Street, where he lived during the two years which remained to him in Cambridge. His courses this year ran upon the former lines of study, except that he began to show an inclination towards classical archæology, to which he afterwards gave more attention. In this field, the lectures of Dr. Fowler and the study of Pausanias laid a foundation upon which he built with success in Berlin.

During the winter a proposition was brought forward to change the Christian Brethren from an independent society to a branch of the Inter-collegiate Young Men's Christian Association. This was defeated at first, but was carried after a discussion of several months. This change was strongly opposed by many of the members, among whom Arthur was prominent. It was argued that this society,

one of the oldest in the University, should continue to be, distinctively, a Harvard organization, free from all possibilities of outside influence or interference, — that its best opportunities for good results lay in that direction. Other reasons of more or less moment existed, and for a time the contest ran high. After the final vote, a movement was made to carry the matter before the authorities of the University, and papers were drawn for that purpose; but a better feeling soon prevailed, and the prosperity of the Christian Brethren suffered no abatement under the new conditions.

In January Arthur received a Bowdoin prize for a dissertation on "The Dionysiac Theatre," the copy of which is supposed to have been accidentally destroyed. In this dissertation, which he read in public at Sever Hall on the twenty-sixth of April, his growing fondness for archæological investigations began to be apparent, although, as yet, he seems to have been unaware that his mind was slowly swinging from a purely philological direction in the changing tide. This tendency, though in a less degree, may be found in a paper on "The Parodos in Greek Tragedy," which he presented to the Classical Club at a meeting in his room about the same time.

On the ninth of March he was elected to member-

ship in the old society of the Fraternity of Phi Beta Kappa, which since 1776 has held in its circle the highest scholarship of the university. This was especially welcome to him, as he had feared that his year of absence, which had destroyed his chance of election from the class of '85, had prevented his consideration in that of '86.

The Class Day of '86 was on Friday, the twenty-fifth of June. The day, which was cloudy at first, with light showers during the afternoon, was in its outward manifestations the most unpropitious which had fallen to the lot of any class for years; but it failed to dampen the ardor of those light-hearted youth to whom the day belonged. The promenaders were as happy, the song at the Class Tree was as hearty, the scramble for the wreath was as merry and boisterous, and the illuminations at night were as bright and fairy-like as if clear skies had been over them all. Arthur, by the politeness of the occupants of those rooms, "spread" at Nos. 21, 23, and 24 in Thayer Hall. There those whom he most loved and respected met to congratulate him and bid him God-speed at the threshold of the life which was opening so brightly before him. When I visit Cambridge, I always pass by those windows in Thayer that overlook so pleasantly the green and shady college yard. When I saw them last my eyes were

dim, and through a mist I saw familiar forms looking out upon me as they looked that day in '86. One was there whose thoughtful face and earnest eyes we shall see no more with our earthly vision. As I write, there lies upon my table a dry and faded flower, a relic which in the flush of youth and hope he tore from the Class Tree on that happy day. Alas, how much that was bright and beautiful then, like this poor flower, has faded or turned to dust!

Commencement Day, which fell upon the thirtieth of June, was as pleasant in its outward aspects as the other had been unfavorable. The college course, now ended, had brought the little boy whose life we have followed to the door of that larger life which seemed to hold for him so much of happiness and honor. In the large class which was now graduated from its mother, Harvard the Bountiful, he ranked as the sixth, being entitled to an oration, which he did not claim. In the Classical Department he was only outranked by his friend Snyder, the first man of the class. He received his degree in the highest grade, *summa cum laude*, with final Honors in Classics and honorable mention in Greek, Latin, and French, and English Composition.

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In consequence of a slight attack of diphtheria, from which he slowly recovered, Arthur spent most of the month of August in the quiet town of Pembroke, N. H., for the purposes of rest and the enjoyment of an out-door life; and in September he went to Jefferson, where he renewed for the last time the friendships and pleasures which he had found in former years in the midst of its magnificent mountain scenery. The bracing mountain air completed the restoration that had begun at Pembroke; but his visit was sadly terminated by the sudden illness and subsequent death of a relative and dear friend, who was one of the little party which had accompanied him.

On the thirtieth of September he returned to Cambridge as a resident graduate, retaining his rooms in Plympton Street, while he changed his manner of living a little by taking board at the Memorial Hall.



His post-graduate courses were entirely in classical philology and archæology, although outside of his regular work he continued to give considerable attention to French. In connection with the latter, he was one of the original members of La Conférence Française de l'Université Harvard, which was organized on the evening of the twelfth of November, 1886.

During this year the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the college was observed. In this celebration, to which the sons of Harvard thronged from all parts of the land, Arthur took a lively interest. Of the addresses by eminent alumni, and of the various meetings and festivities, he was a careful hearer and observer. The commemoration was closed on the evening of Graduates' Day by a great parade and torchlight, in which the ingenuity and energy of the students rose to the utmost. Although this part of the celebration was in the hands of the undergraduates, a few resident graduates who could not restrain their spirits, of whom Arthur was one, joined the throng in a noisy body, which the "Daily Crimson" described as —


"A delegation of Puritans, — a very well gotten up and correct costume, — gray knee-breeches, short coat, and sugar-loaf hat, and a huge belt with a bright buckle. There were about thirty in all in the body, and they had a curious cheer, which woke the echoes."

During the winter, a course of eleven lectures by the eminent Italian archæologist, Prof. Rodolfo Lanciani, on Roman subjects, and another, by Prof. Arthur L. Frothingham, of Princeton, on Assyrian Archæology, gave a more definite direction to the later trend of Arthur's mind, which was further influenced by a subsequent course of Dr. Charles Waldstein on the Various Influences affecting the Development of Greek Art. The former of these added much to the interest which he already felt in its subjects, and excited a longing for a closer acquaintance with Rome, which was gratified, but not satisfied, in a visit to Italy in 1888; while the latter gave strength to a desire for a course of study and research in Greece itself. A paper on "The Origin and Significance of the Myth of Herakles," which he read in March at a meeting of the Classical Club, marked his growing inclination toward original investigations in archæological subjects.

The Master's year was the happiest of the pleasant years which he passed at Cambridge. From the higher standpoint of a graduate he could look with pleasure, not unmixed, perhaps, with a little natural pride, upon the past. I know there were some things he would have changed had he possessed the power to retrace his steps; but they were things that had

been shown to him by the experiences of scholarship, and there was nothing that he really regretted. There were no remembrances of misspent time or neglected opportunities. With the unaffected faithfulness of his nature, he had met with honor all the requirements of his course, and had more than answered the expectations and hopes which his friends had entertained. He had no low estimate of the responsibilities and value of a scholar's life. He was filled with a sense of its usefulness and dignity. With him learning was not a thing for light parade and ostentation, but a strong, ennobling spirit, that influences men's lives and controls their actions. Those who were nearest to him in his studies felt an inspiration for earnest and thorough work that came insensibly from him.

Thus far I have refrained from speaking of the religious part of his nature, but from this time it became such a powerful and ever-present element in his life that it cannot be overlooked. That he was a Christian in the highest sense of that sometimes abused word, no one could doubt who knew his singularly upright and modest life, or who knew the purity of his conversation, that must have been the reflex of his inner self. I cannot recall the time when a change came into his life, nor could he fix it. The sense of spiritual weakness and strength,



of dependence and responsibility, which troubles so many, seemed to come to him as a thing of growth, gaining force with his years. The sober earnestness of his earlier thoughts and expressions, the peculiar and deep conception of honor and honesty which was so conspicuous in his childhood, and which governed all his actions in his later life, seem to have been a part — the root, perhaps — of that growth which has blossomed beyond our mortal view. Yet, though the religious sense seems to have had so early a part in his character, there was no precocity in its outward development; and it was not until his last year as an undergraduate at Cambridge that he made a formal profession of his Christian faith, and was baptized in the First Baptist Church in Malden. Still, there was no outward change in his life. I do not think there was an inward change, except that he had gradually grown into a knowledge of himself and of his dependence upon God and his need of a personal Saviour. There may have been a more devoted attention to the work of the Christian organizations with which he was connected, more direct personal appeals, perhaps, to those of his fellows who most needed them. Yet, with the inner knowledge which he must have had of the merit of his pure life, there was nothing like self-gratulation in his nature; but there was, rather, a consciousness

of his own weakness and demerit, save through the help and grace of God, which expressed itself at times with unmistakable clearness. While in Europe, he wrote in a reflective way, which was not uncommon to him, —

† “God has so much patience with me, and I need his forgiveness so often myself, that I can’t be hard to others.”

I do not know a more terse and forcible statement of Christian humility, faith, and love. It is richer than creeds, and its directness and simplicity appeal to every human heart.

On Commencement Day, the twenty-ninth of June, 1887, Arthur received the degree of Master of Arts; and the life at Cambridge, which, as he looked back upon it, seemed almost a dream, so happy had it been, was closed. A little time was left for preparation and the companionship of friends; and on the third of August he sailed from New York on the steamship “Waesland” for Antwerp.

Arthur went out from home without a misgiving, although, in the uncertainties and possible loneliness of an absence of four years in a foreign land, there might have been much to disquiet him. A calm reliance upon a higher Power, which, though quiet and scarcely perceived, was always present in

his thoughts, gave him strength and the courage which never deserted him. He wrote to a friend:

“It is n’t much fun bidding good-by to people, when one does n’t know whether he is ever coming back or not. Still, I am in the line of what seems to me for the best; and I hope to have a fair measure of success.”

And a few hours before he left home he wrote again:—

“Well, I am going away this afternoon. Many of the good-bys have been said, and things done and seen for the last time. Of course, there are some unpleasant features about leaving; but I trust it is for the best, and that the good God who has guided me thus far will not leave me in my new life.”

It was this strong reliance, that came from a sincere trust and a fervent faith, which had sustained him in many weary hours. In the new life it was to keep him from homesickness, from doubts and discouragements; and it was to preserve him in the purity of life and conversation and in the uprightness which had so far marked his way.

In life, I shall never forget his appearance as he stood upon the deck while the ship, working slowly out from the pier, began her long voyage. Unheeding the cheers and waving of handkerchiefs and hats, amid the confusion which always accompanies

such scenes, he stood immovable, with his head bared and his eyes intently fixed upon his mother, as she waved her farewells upon the shore. In his thoughtful and serious face, I seemed to see that his active mind was looking out upon the past and into the future, certainly with thankfulness for what had been, and with a prophetic vision, perhaps, of the successes that were to come. As the shore faded and the little groups upon the pier were lost to sight and he turned away, I am sure that the tear in his eye was one of tenderness and not of regret.

A course of study in Germany and a year in Greece had been constantly in his mind during the latter years of his life at Cambridge, at first as something that might never be, and finally as a matter of certainty. He had fully determined to enter into university life as a professor when the way should be opened to him, and all his efforts were directed to that end. He had no patience with the thought of an inadequate preparation,—the most thorough only would satisfy him. I believe he would not have accepted any position for which his exacting mind did not consider himself as fully trained; for his sense of strict honesty, to which I have before referred, would have forbade, even though his scholarly instincts had not prompted him to a deeper and most accurate preparation.

It was ten o'clock when Fire Island flashed its farewell, and the last token of America vanished astern under the radiance of a growing moon. The voyage so pleasantly begun was one of enjoyment throughout. The passengers were of divers peoples and tongues; and Arthur found there how near akin are all the nations of the earth. Here he met and was attracted, especially, by two educated Europeans, whose companionship and conversation were a source of pleasure to him. From one, a Flemish gentleman, I have recently received a sympathetic tribute to Arthur's memory. Of the other, a Father of the Society of Jesus, a gentle Hollander by birth and a man of high classical attainments, we have never heard since we clasped his hand in farewell at Antwerp. In his lonely mission in India he, too, may have passed away; but if Father Van der Reydt, once of Eindhoven, ever reads these words in the land of the living, he may know that the young American scholar who passed many pleasant hours with him on that summer voyage, had a kind remembrance of him through life.

Arthur was not a good sailer, and he had no longings for the lesser discomforts of an ocean voyage; but aside from the unpleasant experiences, which one readily forgets in the remembrance of the glamour of the sea, there was much in this first voyage



which quickened his mind and filled it with pleasant impressions. There were slothful, sleepy afternoons in the golden gleam of the summer sun; and when the full moon rose high above the uneasy sea, the balmy air wooed us from sleep and we were held entranced and silent beneath the glory of the night. Above and around it all was that ready companionship into which one enters so easily upon the sea, if his fellow passengers possess no taint of that paltry exclusiveness which sometimes makes men — and women, too — so infinitely mean and ridiculous. There was that pleasing converse where words of wisdom and fun, of sober thought and playful jest, mingle in delightful disarray, where the best and deepest traits of men's characters stand out with strength and clearness in the midst of genial wit and lively repartee.

The voyage, filled with the elements that make an ocean trip most agreeable, — good weather and pleasant companionship, — was long, but not tedious. On the twelfth day we were passing the sunny shores and lofty cliffs of Southern England and the Isle of Wight, — pleasant fields of an earthly paradise that lay all day like golden and emerald visions on the northern verge; and as we left the deck at night, the glittering lights of Hastings, far away, brought to our minds the long

historic past, when the Norman crossed the narrow sea, and a half regret that our voyage was soon to close.

In the morning, over the yeasty waters of the North Sea, we saw the Belgian shore; and passing into the Schelde, we looked over the massive stone dykes upon the little villages, with their red-tiled roofs and gray church towers, below the level of the sea, and the beautiful country stretching away, in green and misty distances, to the low horizon. Suddenly, far away in the dreamy south, we saw a great gray mass, looking alone over the level land, — the far-seen tower of Our Lady of Antwerp, as it had looked out for four hundred years upon the devastations of war and the smiling fields of peace.

It was not a city of to-day that we saw that sunny afternoon as we wandered aimlessly about, too eager in our first hours for systematic work; but it was the Antwerp of the old time, when Spanish knights and Flemish burghers held hot and bloody conference in its narrow streets. Beneath the crumbling towers of St. Jacques we entered a world of beauty and of art; and as we stood before the masterpiece in its Rubens Chapel, we found, as we looked upon the pavement at our feet, that we had come, unknowing, first of all to the grave of him in whose hands Flemish art attained its highest beauty and power.

It was at the grave of Rubens and before the Descent from the Cross in Notre Dame, and the beautiful Assumption that hangs over the high altar near by, that Arthur imbibed that love for directness and force in art which he never forgot. Afterwards at Cologne the masters of that early school impressed him with the excellence of a sincere purpose; and later, the Italians, in the galleries of Munich and Dresden, taught him that delicacy and sentiment are not adverse to vigor and truth.

The day ended with a mazy walk through arched ways, beneath statues of Our Lady in lanes and alleys, clear of the hurry and noise of the busier streets; and as we fell asleep the sweet bell of St. André, that mellow voice that haunts the memory, and the tender music from the cathedral tower mingled with painted saints and wooden-shoed work-people in our dreams.

It was well that Arthur's first acquaintance with Europe was gained in that quaint and ancient Flemish town, where the beauty of art and the mysterious charm of antiquity together struck a note which never ceased to vibrate in his after life. When residence and travel had given him more experience in European life, he still referred to Antwerp as the city of his first love; and a return to it was anticipated with delight. The few days

which we spent there were full of activity and interest. Churches, galleries, by-streets, and lanes were made to give up for us all they contained. Arthur had a keen eye for churches and chapels, or conventual buildings degraded to the condition of warehouses and shops; and such buildings, when found, were usually examined, both without and within. I remember the mystery which enveloped an ancient roof and a tourelle which, with evident marks of the baser uses to which they had come, could be seen from our chamber window, to which, with all our seeking in narrow courts and winding passages, we could never come. There seemed to be a fascination to him in this, because, perhaps, in many instances of this kind, secularization had laid bare methods of construction and principles of architecture that revealed the history of which he was in search. This habit he followed in every mediæval city which we visited; and by observation in this and other ways, aided by previous reading, he acquired in a short time a remarkably accurate knowledge of architectural history, which enabled him to read on wall or arch its story, as one would read a printed page.

From Antwerp we sped across the level lands of Flanders, where red poppies lined the wayside, into the wilder and picturesque regions of Southeastern

Belgium, where, crossing deep valleys, we looked down upon busy factories or saw on rocky hills the towers and castles of ancient times. Then over the plains of Rhenish Prussia we saw the towers of Cologne, and at night looked out from our windows upon a scene of fairy-like beauty, the lighted Rhine, —the river of the Roman and the Barbarian, the stream of poetry and song.

In the city of churches and narrow streets we sought and found the older Cologne that is passing away. The nineteenth century has pressed hard upon the past; and there, as in most of the large European cities, wide streets and the demands of modern life and trade have destroyed many a monument that time had spared. As in Antwerp, in church and gallery, and in obscure *gässchen* we found the old world of art and legend, and read its story from chiselled stone, or in glowing colors on panel and canvas.

In the Dom of Cologne, that matchless flower of Gothic art that has blossomed so slowly, Arthur saw the crowning glory of the builders' work; but it failed to impress him as he had been impressed by the church of Our Lady of Antwerp. This, to him, was perfect and cold, speaking to the intellect in its perfection: the other was human and warm, appealing to the heart. The one was triumphant music:

the other was pitying and sympathetic, a place for prayer.

After Cologne came two perfect days upon the swift-flowing Rhine, two sunny, blue-skied days, when the golden light fell soft over vineyard and hill. From storied castle and legend-crowned height the past looked down upon us; and in a dreamy daze we saw, upon the Drachenfels, the good knight Siegfried, with the maiden, coming down from his gruesome bath. From his ruined tower, Roland looked out for the Hildegunde he should see no more; and all along on rock and shore, in a mist of romance seen afar, were —

“Armed knights, and maids, and sirens fair,  
And Lorelei with golden hair.”

In the moonbeams there was for us no bridge of gold at Rudesheim; but Hatto of Fulda, from the door of his tower, watched as we sailed by to Bingen.

At Coblenz and Mainz, in church and tower, Arthur pursued his study of the past, with an ever increasing interest; and at the latter place he paused to read more carefully the chronicle on its cathedral walls. There, too, he found himself for the first time — a brief visit to the Römerthurm at Cologne excepted — in the presence of fragments of Roman times.

Next Heidelberg was around us, now in a glory of sunlight that transformed its gray streets with gleams of gold, or in a gloaming of shadow that deepened the dark green of its wooded hills; and there in the stately ruin to which all Heidelberg looks up, and in the shade of its beautiful gardens, we passed a day never to be forgotten, — one of the three idyllic days of which Arthur spoke with loving memory on the last afternoon of his life. The days at Heidelberg had less of observation and study, perhaps, than those we had passed, — for the poetic aspect of life seems to come, first of all, in that ancient seat of learning in its beautiful valley on the Neckar, — and Arthur gave way to the soothing influence in that easy unbending into which he sometimes fell. He said he could live there for the mere pleasure of existence in such a place, with a quiet life of study before him and no thought of anything in life beyond. It was in a mist of cloud and rain that we left dreamy Heidelberg; but the sun shone brightly as we passed down the smiling valley and out over the wide Bavarian plains.

A few days at Munich were mostly passed in the galleries; and there Arthur found his growing taste for art quickened and strengthened. The masterpieces of Rubens and his pupils confirmed his admiration for the Flemish school, while he found a fresh

inspiration in the works of Raphael and his Italian compeers. In the magnificent collections of vases and statuary, he gained his first opportunity for that close study of antique art in which he afterward spent so many happy hours. The dreamy influence of Heidelberg was swept away, and he entered with earnestness into that energetic life of work from which he never wholly departed.

In the quaint and ancient city on the Pegnitz, we made a pilgrimage to the grave of Albrecht Dürer; and in its old-time streets we tasted that flavor of antiquity which may still be found in the living and thriving Nuremberg. In the homely tavern of the Rother Hahn, centuries old, we were under protecting wings, and looked out from its windows morning and night upon the roofs and pointed gables of long past years.

I can see how much of benefit there was to the young student in all this changing round of antiquity and art. In the light of later years I can see, what was hidden then, how his archæological tastes and his habits of investigation and thought were constantly developing, growing more powerful and quicker in action, and how from the easier masses which he at first discerned he was penetrating into the mysteries of the intricate details of purpose and construction.



In the journey from Nuremberg through the Franconian Switzerland, Arthur's love for natural scenery was evinced, and in his quiet way he rejoiced in the fleeting views of hill and valley that met us on every side. The favor of a good-natured *schaffner* had given us a compartment to ourselves, which enabled us to command both sides of the road. It was the combination which Arthur most loved, — "hills and mountains," he says in his diary, "with fertile river valleys between." Through all he saw his own New England hills; and in a mountain, as we passed, he found his old New Hampshire friend, Starr King, at Jefferson.

In the middle of the afternoon we came into Bohemia, and to the little and ancient town of Eger, silent and more quaint than Nuremberg herself, with an air of the Middle Ages within its falling walls, that all the freshness of hotels and factories without could not overcome. In the market-place, old women under the ancient Bohemian head-dress looked on listless and lazy, while the single young fruit-girl, with an honesty uncorrupted by a larger knowledge of the world, corrected the strangers who would have overpaid her in the unfamiliar coinage of the realm. Convents, into whose courtyards rich with ancient fragments we penetrated, dilapidated churches and chapels, sacred and secularized, in all the conditions

to which time and man had brought them, exposed secrets which Arthur most eagerly read.

A restful night followed; and in the morning we left Bohemia over the Erzgebirge, and came at night to Dresden. Through the day, from the sides of high hills, we looked down upon ruined castles and towns, homely and silent in their seclusion, or busy in the clang and bustle of work and trade; or far away, down valleys golden in the sunlight on ripening fields of grain, we saw the distant mountains fading in the misty blueness of the summer sky. Always to him was there some memory of the land beyond the sea. In the valley of the Weisseritz, lesser though than its transatlantic archetype, always dreaming of the New Hampshire hills, he saw the familiar slopes and ravines of the Crawford Notch.

We came to Dresden, the city of art and the Sistine Madonna. In its superb gallery Arthur saw the sum of all that he had yet seen of the painter's work, and made stronger still the impressions which he had received. A long journey were well rewarded to come at last to such a place. What treasures of beauty and priceless value lie between the Madonna of Raphael and the Madonna of Holbein, in the long range of those wonderful rooms, — Correggio and Titian and the whole world of art!

Even at this time, the demands of the student in his judgment of art were those of the clearest sincerity and strictest truth. A picture was of doubtful value if it showed no purpose, however perfect were its composition and technique. An untruth was a lie positive, however alluring its presentation; and lifelessness was no less an unreality in the brightest hues. He was a puritan in art, as in his thoughts and habits, to the extent that he fixed a standard that he would not or could not debase. Absolute truth was his measure, and all things were admirable only in the degree in which they approached this unchanging unit of perfection. Hence the glowing canvases of Paolo Veronese, here and elsewhere, had little or no influence upon him, although he could appreciate their dignity and coloring. His crisp "Cloth-painter," as he turned from them, was neither contemptuous nor thoughtless, but an honest expression of what many others have said with less terseness. In his estimates, which were for himself rather than for others, there was no undue assertion of an insufficient judgment. He was too good a student for that; and he was careful to weigh his present knowledge against the possibilities of a larger experience and closer study.

For the qualities which he regarded as essential, he was attracted by the noble panels of Correggio,

in that series at Dresden which none can pass unheeded, and the less idealized and more vigorous canvases of Rubens and Van Dyck. Rembrandt and the Dutch school to the humblest, he always saw with loving eyes. Later, the tenderness and fervor of the early Italian masters, which he first recognized at Berlin and observed more closely in Italy and at the Louvre, impressed him with a strength that even his love for the early painters of Flanders and Cologne did not exceed. I think he must have liked the rude and sincere attempts of Byzantine art. I know he admired and valued the encaustic portraits from the Fayoum in the Graf collection, which at one time he hoped might be secured, in whole or in part, for America.

The museums and other collections at Dresden were not neglected; but to the Zwinger we returned again and again, with unabated interest. As the day waned, there were walks in the Grosse Garten, or over the river to the Neustadt, or a restful sail upon the Elbe to Blasewitz or beyond; and the day would close with a pleasant evening on the Brühl Terrace and a concert by the orchestra of Kapellmeister Krämer.

To Arthur the days at Dresden were a fitting ending of a delightful tour that influenced his after life. On the last morning we spent the farewell

hours at the Zwinger with the works that had become so familiar; and in the afternoon we went to Berlin.

That night, as we rode through Leipzigerstrasse in the glare of its electric lights and the hum of its busy evening life, we were back, out of the romance of the weeks that had passed, into the world of the present. At the *filiiale* of the great Central Hotel we became number five hundred and twenty-five, and lost our identity for the time. Berlin is so modern in its outward aspects that he who arrives there after a tour, especially if he comes from the more quiet and quaint cities of Upper Germany, experiences a shock as if he had dropped into another life. At first he finds in his surroundings, if he be an American, an odd likeness to the Eastern cities of his own land; and it is only after he has time to breathe and look around that the likeness passes away. There was a little disappointment in all this. Were we to find in this crowded and busy city the conditions for that leisurely and thorough study for which the Atlantic had been crossed? Bonn, or Heidelberg, or Leipzig were preferable to this; but could there be an inner life behind all this dissonance of pleasure and traffic?

The first thing to be done in the morning, after rolls and coffee, was to visit the banker for money,

and better, for letters and papers. Of the latter, we were blessed with five letters and four numbers of the "Malden Mirror," which were like water to the thirsty; for we had been away from home forty-two days, and had received only one little unimportant note, which was sent as a trial and unexpectedly reached us at Munich. There was no business done or other pleasure sought until we had read them all, and then we had to talk them over.

The larger part of two days was spent in getting settled. Through the kindness of a gentleman to whom we carried letters, and who became a good friend and pleasant acquaintance, Arthur found a room and board in Markgrafenstrasse with a lady in whose family he lived during two years and a half of his life in Berlin. There he found friends and agreeable acquaintances, whose conversation and companionship lightened the hours which he devoted to recreation and rest; and he brought away pleasant memories of that German home, to which he often reverted in the few weeks which remained to him after his return to America.

Hardly was he settled in his new home before he began in earnest the work for which he had come to Europe. Lectures were not to begin for several weeks; and he gladly improved the opportunity to increase his knowledge of the German language by

a course with a competent teacher; and to fill the measure of his time, he began a systematic and critical re-reading of his favorite Homer. A little sight-seeing was done, and the museums and galleries were visited. Here he found a collection of paintings admirable in its historical arrangement and rich in works of the early Italians and the Dutch and Flemish schools, to which he could refer with advantage and delight; while the superb collections of casts, vases, coins, and other antiquities were to furnish him with many happy days of diligent work. Yet at this time he had little thought of the part which archæology was to take in his future studies; for the change, which we can clearly see as we look back upon those days, even he did not then recognize. Classical philology was to be, he thought, the work of his life; and he did not dream that, though he might attain in that the excellence at which he aimed, he would attain an equal excellence in its kindred science.

I remained with him several days in his new home; and one morning our hostess and her family gathered around us, with that hearty German kindness which speeds the parting guest, while we took our last meal together in Germany. "Tell his mother," said the sympathetic woman, "that she need not fear, for I will care for him. I will think

he is my own son among strangers.” Those words of the German mother, carried across the sea, sank deep into the American mother’s heart.

A short ride through the streets that would become so familiar to him, and we stood hand in hand by the side of the train that was to separate us. A few parting words of love and encouragement, a few tears; and the kindly *schaffner*, with, perhaps, a tear in his heart for us, with, certainly, a look of sympathy in his face, held the door open, lingeringly, for our farewell. Then, as the train moved slowly out of the station, and a curve in the track took him from my sight, I realized what I had left behind. I thought of the homesickness, the disappointments, and the temptations which might come in a life untried and strange. Happily, God and his own conscience and stout heart kept him from them all, and gave him the strength that made him true to himself and a helper of others. “May God preserve us both to meet again,” wrote Arthur in his diary that night.

His first day alone was to be marked by a sad memory; for after I left him he saw at the Exchange a notice of the death of his grandfather Holden, and at night received a confirming letter from his mother. Then he remembered the tears of his grandfather, who had a great attachment for



him, at their parting, and how he said he should never see him again.

Besides the friends he had already made among his German acquaintances, there was then in Berlin Arthur's old college chum, Charles Frederic Carrier, of '85, who had been at the University two years. He was soon to return to America, but Henry Theodore Hildreth, another man of '85, was there, and became Arthur's close companion after Carrier's early departure. Besides these, there were Edmund Nathaniel Snyder, the head man of '86, and other Harvard graduates, there being six members of the classes of '85 and '86 at the University during that winter semester, with all of whom Arthur was intimate in a greater or less degree.

His religious feeling and his interest in Christian work led him to seek the rooms of the "Christlichen Vereins Junger Männer,"—the Berlin Young Men's Christian Association; and he became an active member of its "Studenten-Abtheilung." An early acquaintance with Dr. Stuckenberg, of the American church, and his noble wife, beloved by all Americans who have visited Berlin, and by those who have met her in America, resulted in a friendship which he valued as one of the privileges of his life, and which he reciprocated by an earnest devotion to the work in which they were engaged. This

friendship imposed upon him duties which he welcomed as pleasures to perform; and he endeavored to meet them with his whole heart. Even with the mist of death in his eyes he recalled them, and left as a legacy to us the precious privilege of fulfilling his parting wish in behalf of the church and work of those dear friends. A travelling letter from the church in Malden introduced him to the German Baptist Chapel in Schmidstrasse, which he often visited, where he was a welcome communicant; but he became more closely connected with the American church, where his opportunities for the work which he loved were more abundant. There in its helpful and protecting associations, himself a protector and a helper, he found strength in giving of his own strength to others. "There was no good cause connected with our work," writes Mrs. Stuckenberg, "which he did not help with his steady, wonderful faithfulness."

His early temperance principles were never violated in his foreign home; and they led him to become active in the formation of what is said to have been the first total abstinence society organized in Germany, — the International Total Abstinence Society of Berlin. The first object of this society was declared by its constitution to be: —

“To furnish a practical proof, by personal abstinence from the use of wine, beer, and all alcoholic liquors as beverages, that it is possible to live abroad in comfort and health, while holding fast to total abstinence principles.”

It is related, in illustration of the force of a good example, that a young American physician in Berlin was sitting behind his mug of beer, when he was told of the formation of this society. “If that is so,” said he, “this shall be my last glass.” This society, of which Arthur was the first secretary and treasurer, attracted attention both in Germany and America. A similar society was soon formed at Leipzig, and perhaps others followed in some university towns, of the success of which I have no information; but it may be that the seed sown in uncertainty and humbleness may yet yield an abundant harvest.

With those Americans whose temperance principles and habits vanish on the ocean voyage to return upon the pier when they reach home, he had little sympathy. “The truth is, I suspect,” he wrote soon after his arrival in Berlin, “that Americans who come here wish some excuse for drinking wine and beer, and so they slander the water, which is as good as at home.”

Yet he was not obtrusive in his devotion to temperance, nor did he shrink from declaring his princi-

ples by his practice. His intimate connection with classical and archæological men, and his standing in their mutual studies, brought him in contact with those whom he admired and whose friendship he prized; and it was a pleasure to him, and a token of the manliness of German scholars, that adherence to his habits of abstinence was always treated with deference. I do not believe that they who saw the quiet but fun-loving American student at the Concertsaal or the Abschiedskneipe, with a bottle of Apollinaris or *selterswasser*, or a cup of chocolate before him, respected him the less for the simple manliness which preserved its own integrity and independence. One who understands student life at home and abroad, and to whom was given the privilege of companionship with Arthur, writes in relation to this feature of truthfulness to his Christian and temperance principles:—

“A calm, courageous death closed a courageous life. No one who has not lived among German students can realize the moral heroism requisite to maintain an active Christian faith and adherence to the temperance principles of home in the midst of student life. Arthur's position in this regard was really unique. It alone would entitle him to the ‘well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.’ In the case of most of us, the cares of this world, or the seductiveness of scholarship, ever draw us away from moral and spir-

itual ideals and interests; but with him it would seem that the intensity of his devotion to classical learning strengthened his whole nature and added force to his Christian faith."

I have spoken of this side of Arthur's character here, because while its rare qualities and strength were still but imperfectly known to those nearest him, it is clear now that it was developed at the beginning of his residence in Germany, and that it varied little, if at all, during the remainder of his life. It became more apparent, perhaps, and its operations were oftener seen as occasions for its exercise were more frequent. It gained strength in its manifestations as his mind was quickened and broadened by intercourse with strangers and a closer acquaintance with unfamiliar manners and customs.

He soon became contentedly settled in his new home, and imbibed an earnest and heartfelt esteem for the people around him. There was some rare and impalpable quality in him which made friends where others find acquaintances. It may have been the unaffected truthfulness of his nature, which attracted those who met him, or the earnestness and clearness of his thoughts and the unstudied sympathy of his manner. He rapidly acquired the language, so that he used it with ease, both in writing

and conversation. He caught many glimpses of the simple and loving homelife of Germany, which charmed him; and he entered with a ready adaptation into the enjoyment of those domestic habits and customs in which German life abounds. Not the least interesting portions of his letters are those in which he describes for his friends those homely scenes in which he often participated. Berlin became to him a second home, where under certain conditions he could have passed his life with comfort and contentment; and he always returned to it with pleasure. After an absence in Italy or France, he said the first words of the familiar German tongue were as welcome to him as those of his native land.

On the thirteenth day of October, 1887, he was matriculated at the Royal Friedrich-Wilhelm University, and on the twenty-fourth of the same month he attended his first lecture in a course on Thukydides by Prof. Adolph Kirchhoff. "So I am stud. phil. (*studiosus philosophiæ*)," he writes, "and as the Germans always give a man his title, I get advertisements addressed, 'Herrn stud. phil. A. Corey,' and one added 'Wohlgeboren.' My certificate calls me, 'Vir juvenis ornatissimus,' which does n't mean 'a very ornamental young man.'"

His choice of lectures in the first semester shows

how little he recognized the tendencies, that I have before noticed, which were leading him into archæology. It betrays, too, the sense of duty, which he always obeyed; for I find him lamenting in his letters that he could not take a coveted course with Professor Vahlen on Aristophanes, because he must attend Vahlen's Plautus, that he might not neglect the Latin. In this, perhaps, he applied to himself the advice which he had not long before given a young friend:—

“It is a good thing for the mental and moral nature to carry through a difficult and distasteful task occasionally. I wish Greek might be a matter of pleasure with you; but if this cannot be, make it a matter of conscience, and see if you do not acquire a sort of mental backbone by the necessary perseverance. You will like Homer.”

His courses were —

1. Geschichte der griechischen Litteratur II. Theil, Prof. Hermann Diels.
2. Griechische Lyriker, Prof. Hermann Diels.
3. Thukydides, Prof. Adolf Kirchhoff.
4. Plautus Menæchmi nebst Geschichte der dramatischen Dichtung der Römer, Prof. Johannes Vahlen.
5. Geschichte der römischen Satire, Dr. Friedrich Marx.

This gave him eighteen hours of lecture work each week, besides two sessions of the Seminar. The peculiar qualities of his mind seemed to bring him at once under the influence of the thorough methods and precision of the German professors.

"I find these lectures very stimulating already," he wrote. "It is surprising what a minute knowledge of everything these men have."

For the rest, his private work upon Homer, which he never relinquished, a course of careful German reading, with frequent visits to the Royal Library, and some preliminary essays in collecting material for a work which he hoped some time to accomplish, made out the measure of the hours which he devoted to study. Outside of those hours, he loved the companionship and conversation of his acquaintances, accompanying them, in the pleasant German fashion, on excursions into the country on holidays, or to concerts in the evening. He was fond, too, of long walks in the Thiergarten, or around the city, oftentimes alone in his contemplative moods, or sometimes with a congenial friend.

Writing of the lighter hours of his daily life, he mentions his presence one evening at the Philharmonie, where he heard the first performance of an unpublished work of Beethoven,—the "Trauermarsch" of Sonata, op. 26, and says:—



"I have rather neglected the musical side of my nature, and find that classical music rather shoots over my head. Still, I think I like Beethoven, which is a good symptom; and if I persevere in my attendance, I think I shall come out all right."

In the social and religious customs that attended the Christmas and New Year seasons which followed, he took a sympathetic interest. In the letter in which he wrote of the festivities, he speaks of hearing the celebrated Hofprediger Stöcker, and of a later visit to the Nicolaikirche, where "the sermon was by a dear, saintly old man."

The hearing of Stöcker, who is a prominent and aggressive leader of the Anti-Semitic party in Germany, led Arthur to read his pamphlets and other published works; and the sermons and lectures of Paulus Cassel, Stöcker's earnest opponent, and "one of the most learned men in the Berlin pulpit," himself a Jew by birth, confirmed him in a lively interest in the Jewish question in its complicated aspects, and in the people whom it concerns. An intimate acquaintance with Hebrews of intelligence and education led him to respect them as individuals and as friends in whom he trusted. He recognized in the Jewish race a people of great intellectual strength and activity, which is making for itself rapid advances in culture and influence. "They

are our people," he used to say, "for out of them came the Saviour of the world and Christianity."

Perhaps those traits of devotion to duty and care for others, which were so marked in his character, had the most peculiar manifestations in his connection with the "Gesellschaft zur Beförderung des Christentums unter den Juden" in Berlin. I cannot trace his first acquaintance with it; but it occurred soon after his return from Italy, when I find frequent allusions to his friend Prediger Schwabedissen of the society, and read of services at the Heiligegeistkirche, — the chapel of the mission in Berlin. His interest showed itself in various ways, often in the direction of assistance to the society, by helping individuals who had come under its care. He was not given to recording or speaking of his own actions; but I can gather, from his letters and diary, hints of his connection with this work, which become luminous under the influence of letters which I have received from others. He was earnest in presenting the claims of this mission to the Americans in Berlin, and in soliciting material help when it was needed in special cases. His love for it was not left in Germany, but continued with him in America. On his death-bed, when in the wonderful clearness of his mental vision he seemed to hold in full survey all that he had thought or done, he

recalled the mission and its people with words of love, and left for it a token of his dying remembrance. An unfinished article on the evangelization of Israel was found on his table after his death, which has recently appeared in "Woman's Work for Woman," for which it was written at the request of an American friend in Berlin.

On the first day of the new year, Dr. Stuckenberg was installed as the first permanent pastor of the American church in Berlin, the services being conducted by Prof. Daniel Dorchester, Jr., now of Malden. Soon after, Arthur had the satisfaction of paying the church building fund a contribution from the Congregational Sunday school of Wakefield, Mass., which was followed by one from the First Baptist Sunday school of Malden. In these contributions he took especial pleasure, because they came through his personal influence, and were the first instances in which the American church was recognized by any religious organization. He hoped that the churches of America would finish what the Sunday schools began.

As he returned to his studies after the holidays, he began to look about for material for a possible doctor's dissertation, and selected as a subject, "Synizesis in the early Epic and Elegiac Greek Verse." "I shall have to scan over thirty thou-

sand lines of Greek poetry," he writes, "and combine the material thus obtained." This work he diligently pursued, and collected a large number of examples. The results he began to review after his return to America; and the unfinished manuscript, with the last work of his hands, lay open upon his table at the time of his death.

The first semester ended on the fifteenth of March, but the lectures in Arthur's courses closed a few days earlier; and on the afternoon of the seventh of March, with his friends Hildreth and Walter A. Edwards, he left Berlin. "There was not much to see," he writes, "but we kept things lively with learned discussions, funny stories, and excruciating puns."

They arrived at Nuremberg a little after three o'clock the next morning; and Arthur found himself once more under the wings of his old friend, the Rother Hahn. After a little sleep, they enjoyed a students' tramp through the old and beautiful city, where "everything," wrote Arthur, "has a flavor of antiquity, even to the old boots in the Trödelmarkt." He writes how they ended the day, foot-tired and happy, with their minds full of visions of the beautiful glass of St. Lorenz and the treasures that fill that "quaint old town of art and song;" and how, descending to the grosser things

of earth, they refreshed themselves with sweet *lebkuchen* bought at Häberlein's.

They left Nuremberg in the darkness of the morning, and took their *frühstück* at Augsburg. All through the early day they passed through the Bavarian highlands, where the fences and hills reminded Arthur, thinking ever of home, of his own New England, till the snowy Alps, majestic and clear, shone out over the clouds that covered the lower hills.

That night they were at Lucerne and heard of the death of Kaiser Wilhelm; and the next day, over the Alps by St. Gotthard and down the valley of the Ticino, they came to Lugano. It was a day of clouds, whose rifts at times heightened the mystery of the higher peaks; but "before night it cleared," wrote Arthur, "and the mountains flamed under the rays of the setting sun, while the magic effects of the Italian atmosphere revealed themselves to our wondering eyes."

At Lugano the frescoes of the gentle Bernardino Luini were a revelation to Arthur, to whom the easel works at Munich and Berlin had given little knowledge of the dignified sweetness of this tender painter of youth and beauty. At Milan he renewed the impressions which he gained here; and later at the Louvre he studied more closely the work of the

master whose wonderful tenderness had impressed him with its sincerity and truth. It was not strange that the ideal loveliness of Luini should charm one who saw so clearly the excellencies of the early German and Flemish schools; for in art as in life, he rated faithfulness and earnestness above all things else.

With a parting visit to the frescoes, they left the beautiful Lugano and went on to Milan. There the Last Supper of Lionardo da Vinci, "the face of Christ, gentle and tender," excited the admiration of Arthur; but he gave the frescoes of Luini in San Maurizio the homage of a second visit. At the Brera he saw the Sposalizio of Raphael; but the collection as a whole gave him little pleasure. "The Italian artists of the second grade," he wrote, referring to his visit to this gallery, "often marked by softness and sweetness of expression, lack the fire of Rubens. Palma Vecchio has put his daughter's face on a Saint Sebastian, and Paolo Veronese has his big displays of colored cloth."

At Turin, a Holy Family of Van Dyck, the best work by that master in Italy, though showing the influence of Titian, gratified his love for the Flemings; and for once he approved of Paolo Veronese, whose Danaë, with the pictures of Sodoma and a Rubens, appear to have attracted him the most.

By way of Genoa and Pisa they arrived at Rome, and one of the desires of Arthur's life was realized. The twenty-three days which they spent in the Eternal City were passed in a round of inspiring and profitable work. Arthur's diary, written for his own remembrance, is filled with brief notes made hastily in the press of the busy hours; but his letters convey more fully his impressions and show the rapid broadening of his mind as the scope of his observations was enlarged. The visit to Italy was of advantage to him as a lover of art; for with his usual striving for the truth regardless of former theories or beliefs, many of his earlier views were modified, while in others he was confirmed by a larger experience. At first in Italy, the Pre-Raphaelites disappointed him. "I stumble over their blue and green backgrounds," he wrote, "though the admirers of their works disregard the backgrounds, as being of no great importance." Nevertheless, by such men as Francia and Perugino he came to appreciate them.

In the Vatican he found the Foligno Madonna and the Transfiguration worthy of the author of the Sistine Madonna; and two Murillos, — the Adoration and the Marriage of Saint Catharine, I suppose, — excited his admiration, with "a powerful Dead Christ from the school of Mantegna,"

—probably that of Giovanni Bellini. He was disappointed in the Last Judgment of Michelangelo; indeed, the massive genius of that master had few attractions for him, either in painting or sculpture. In its extremes he missed the free and graceful movement which characterizes Rubens, and the ideality and repose of Grecian art. I remember, in London or Paris, his expression of disapprobation of his favorite Rubens while under the temporary influence of the great Italian. Of the Disputa, which he admired, as he did Raphael in all his periods, he says:—

“I don’t know whether any one has noticed the correspondence, but I think Raphael must have intentionally placed Abraham and Paul together as representatives of faith; then Moses and James for works; John, the poet of the New Testament, sits by David, the poet of the Old; but I fail to see any evident connection between Adam and Peter.”

f In the Palazzo Colonna, he finds the best to his liking to be “a little Rubens, either a copy or a close imitation of the altar-piece at Antwerp. There are also some good portraits by Van Dyck, but his large portraits generally run so much on black that I don’t care much for them. The more I see of paintings, the more I am convinced of the greatness of Rubens.” His letters show always a just



appreciation of the excellent in art wherever he found it; and his admiration or disesteem was always in comparison, and not from captiousness or presumption.

In architecture, as in painting, he formulated rules, perhaps involuntarily, which in the course of time broadened or deepened, but never essentially changed. The Romanesque and earlier Gothic forms came nearest to his standards of beauty and constructive use. With the forms of the Renaissance in their adaptations he was not always in accord; and their later Rococo outgrowths, especially the Jesuit style, with its Baroque ornamentation, received but little notice at his hands. Though he admired its dome, and in a certain way the vastness of its interior, St. Peter's, as a work of art, failed to interest him. Of his first impressions he says: "For real beauty, I prefer Pisa, Milan, or Cologne to St. Peter's; and I question if I shall find it so attractive as the cathedral of Antwerp."

It was in Rome, I think, that his mind awoke to a full sense of what there was for him in the study of archæology, and he began to outline the anticipated work of his life. "As I stood on the ruins of the temple of Vesta in the midst of the ruins of the Forum," he wrote, "my eyes filled with tears when I remembered that I was standing in ancient Rome."

He speaks of working among the ruins and in the museums; and I find him carefully examining and comparing the antique statues and reliefs, scanning their peculiarities, and noting details in a way that shows that his observations were upon a higher plane than that of mere sight-seeing. "My archæological work under Fowler," he writes, "comes into play excellently in the museums. The sarcophagi, which are, of course, not a very high form of art, are quite interesting to me; and I find that I have considerable faculty in interpreting them."

As an indication of how closely his mind was to religious matters, and how deeply he held in reverence the great Christian teacher who excelled all men, I remember that after his return to America, on being asked what moved him most in Rome, he replied earnestly, referring to a visit to the Mamertine Prison, "I stood where Paul had stood."

He writes often of the music at St. Peter's and the churches. At the former, he heard "the Tenebræ and the Miserere, tender and pathetic," — "tender and melancholy," in another place; and again he writes of hearing Rossini's Stabat Mater, given by an orchestra with soloists and a chorus of three hundred voices, where the king and queen of Italy were present, she "stately and beautiful, a trifle proud, perhaps, but queenly."

The last afternoon in Rome was spent "working" in the ruins on the Palatine; and the next noon, the friends left for Florence, where they arrived in the evening, passing through scenery that "was beautiful," Arthur writes, "rather than grand, up the valley of the Tiber, through miles of vineyards and mountain slopes planted with olive groves. . . . We passed in full view of Soracte, and along the roads we saw the white oxen of Clitumnus." At sunset, the purple lights on the hills reminded him of the tender lights he had seen at the close of happy days in his favorite White Mountains.

At Florence, in his visits to the galleries, he gained a greater appreciation of the Tuscan masters, especially of Fra Bartolommeo and Andrea del Sarto at the Pitti, where he saw the exquisite Raphaels, which he ever loved. At the Uffizi, he regarded the two Titians, the Venus of Urbino, and the Venus Reposing as the gems of the gallery. The David in the Accademia appears to have given him more pleasure than any other work of Michelangelo which he had seen; and he expressed much interest in the collection of Tuscan and Umbrian art, which makes that gallery of more value to the student than to the ordinary amateur or curious traveller. Of the cathedral he says: "I haven't made up my mind whether I like it or not. The

interior is the abomination of desolation;" but he admired the fresco of Giovanni Balducci, and the unfinished Pieta of Michelangelo he esteemed as superior to that of the same master at Rome.

On the fourth day at Florence, after a morning at Santa Croce and the Uffizi, in consequence of an attack of the mumps, Arthur was obliged to sequester himself; and he was not able to leave his room for eight days. These days were irksome and full of vexation; and he had his first and only season of real homesickness. His friends proceeded on their journey; and he was forced to forego the pleasure which he had anticipated at Bologna, where he wished to see in its birthplace the work of the school of the Carracci, of which he had seen a favorite example in the Aurora of Guido Reni at Rome. Then, too, beyond his present reach, was Venice and the glories of Titian, for which he had longed next to Athens and Rome. "To get within less than twenty-five miles of Venice," he writes, "as I shall do on the way, and not see it, is too much even for a saint, which I don't profess to be."

Even unhappy and lonesome days have an end; and Arthur was finally able to devote two days to the galleries and churches of Florence. At San Marco he lingered before the beautiful frescoes of

Fra Angelico in the cloisters where Savonarola had mused. "I was glad," he writes, "to go over the convent with the little arched cells under the open wooden roof, and to stand in the room of Savonarola." His archæological tastes revealed themselves in a visit to the Museo Archæologico, where "I went," he writes, "to see one Greek vase, the François. I hated to get so near and not see it." He closes his letters from Florence with a summary in which he sketches his views of Italian art in the concise and direct manner which he often used.

"I have learned a great deal of the early Italian painters, whom I was inclined to scorn at first, except for their historical interest. Perugino, Fra Angelico, Fra Bartolommeo, and even, at times, Lorenzo di Credi, are valuable for their own sakes. Andrea del Sarto is a favorite with me; and I have come to know Raphael fairly well, I suppose. With the Venetians I have some acquaintance, and with the exception of Paolo Veronese, who is sometimes good too, I like them; though I can't say I really know them until I have seen them in Venice. Titian's Flora, the two Venuses (at the Uffizi), and other works which I have seen are—splendid. In architecture, I have a pretty thorough-going contempt for Italian Gothic and for Renaissance as applied to churches. I haven't seen much of the Italian Romanesque; that at Pisa was excellent. The old basilicas have interested me and are effective; but they have generally been overloaded with a lot of Renaissance trumpery."

He left Florence on a Saturday and passed the Sabbath at Verona. As there was no English church in the city, he was obliged to forego the habit, in which he was constant, of attending a Protestant service on Sunday wherever he might be. He makes a record of eight churches which he visited, and marks as worthy of attention the altar-piece of Titian in the cathedral, and the Martyrdom of Saint George in the church of San Giorgio in Braida; but the picture-gallery was closed.

Early the next morning, he left Verona and Italy, over the Tyrolese Mountains and the Brenner Pass. He had hoped to stop at Munich to renew his acquaintance with the gallery and its superb collection of the works of Rubens; but the lectures at Berlin had begun, and his duty called him back to the Brandenburger plains. A glimpse of the Bavaria as he passed by, and a fleeting view of the pepper-box towers of the Frauenkirche, was all he saw of the city on the Iser. "The plains of Bavaria were pleasing," he writes, "but not grand after the mountains of Tyrol." The next morning, in a *droschke* at the Anhalter Bahnhof, his Italian journey came to an end. In an hour, after a ride of twenty-seven hours, Arthur was at lectures; and despite his fears, he had missed but one. That Hildreth, who had arrived before him, had attended

and noted for his use. "I am as glad to get back to Markgrafenstrasse," he writes, "as I was to get away."

For the second semester, Arthur chose the following courses, in which the archæological element begins to assume prominence:—

1. Archäologie der griechischen und römischen Kunst, Prof. Ernst Curtius.

2. Interpretation römischer Sarkophage, Prof. Carl Robert.

3. Hesiod's Werke und Tage, Prof. Adolf Kirchhoff.

4. Leben und Tragödien des Euripides, Prof. Carl Robert.

5. Xenophon's Schriften und Interpretation der Memorabilien, Prof. Hermann Diels.

6. Römische Elegiker, Tibull, Propertius, Ovid, Prof. Johannes Vahlen.

These courses covered twenty hours of work in the lecture room each week, besides the time occupied by the second number of the list, which was a *privatissime*, the sessions of which were held at the house of Professor Robert, in Charlottenburg, on Monday evenings, and at other special times later in the semester. In this course, to which he was admitted rather unexpectedly to himself, he found much pleasure, and prepared for it a paper in Ger-

man on the representation of the myth of Protesilaos on sarcophagi, which was read at the last meeting in July. He says of this:—

“I got on fairly well. The professor criticised some things, but also said ‘gut’ to others. He has such a civilized way in criticising that one can stand more from him than from some men. After the session, the boys wanted to drink a glass of beer together in parting, and those of us who were not otherwise engaged came over to the Capuzinerbräu near the Schloss, where we ate supper together. They were rather amused at my not drinking beer, and bantered me some, of course.”

The lectures of Professor Curtius brought him nearer the Greek and Roman world than he had ever been. Often at the museum under the guidance of that eminent archæologist, his brief notes indicate the interest he felt in ancient art and the critical knowledge he gained from the interpretations of the ablest modern historian of Greece.

The long twilights of the spring and early summer gave him opportunities for out-door life, which he gladly improved by long walks in the parks, or visits with his friends to the gardens, “where the air was fresh and cool.” The games of the children in the streets, and their busy *spielwerk* in the sand heaps of the public squares, especially in Belle Alliance Platz, attracted him in his natural love of children, and are often mentioned in his letters.



For these excursions "I have a straw hat," he writes, "with a brim like an umbrella," which caused his American friends to make "agricultural remarks" about the crops.

On "a perfect day" in May, he went out to Potsdam for a day's tramp in the Havelland, "where the air was scented with lilacs and everything was fresh and green." In the Orangerie, he was amused by a servant who complimented him as a *Kunst-kenner*, — art-knower, connoisseur, — because he "did n't rave as some people, English and American, who cry 'beautiful' at everything."

About the same time he writes of "a pleasant affair," when the Anglo-Americans sat down to a dinner at the Drei Raben in honor of the Queen's birthday and Decoration Day, and Dr. Stuckenberg, who was a chaplain in the Union army, spoke for the Americans.

On the fifteenth of June, at a quarter past eleven in the forenoon, Kaiser Friedrich died at Friedrichskron. Arthur writes:—

"After the eleven o'clock lecture, I went with Hildreth into the vestibule of the University, and as we were there, Mack, a Harvard man, told us that the kaiser had gone. We had been expecting it for a day or so, but he went rather suddenly at the last. Looking out, I saw the flags at half-mast on the Opernhaus, and they were getting them up on the Library. I had Curtius the next hour;

he was the kaiser's tutor in his younger days, and I did n't suppose he would lecture. He came, however, and spoke of the sad news in a voice so broken as to be hardly intelligible."

Of the political events which followed the deaths of the two kaisers, Arthur was an interested spectator. With the progressive element of the city he was most in contact; but he learned to hold a just balance in his mind between the two extremes. He had a firm belief in the permanency of German institutions; and of Prince Wilhelm he expressed an early opinion that he would make a very able ruler, although he seemed to be unpopular with the liberals.

On Independence Day, the American Club excited German curiosity by a Yankee celebration. A sail on the Spree, from the Jannowitzbrücke to Treptow, was followed by a game of base ball at the latter place, and a dinner at Müggelschlösschen, where they were three hours at the table. "After dinner," says Arthur, "I led the Harvard boys in some good 'rahs, and the Columbia men and the single representative of Williams got off their cheers."

His command of the German language was shown in an article in the "Berliner Zeitung," of the fourteenth of July, 1888, reviewing a misleading state-

ment relative to American church affairs, which appeared in that journal a few days before. This was complimented by German friends as containing little that betrayed a foreign pen; and it indicated a natural tendency of his mind to theological matters, which were connected by subtile threads with his special work, or concerned most directly the deeper needs of his spiritual nature. This was evinced in a stronger degree during this semester, by a systematic examination of the Messianic prophecies, which he undertook by himself and in connection with German friends, Christians and Jews; and his impatience with anything short of the most thorough investigation comes to notice in the words with which he closes some remarks on this work: "I am hampered by not knowing Hebrew." To master this language and Sanscrit and Anglo-Saxon were things which he had laid up for the leisure hours of his later life.

On the second of August, at the station in Friedrichstrasse, he parted with his friend Hildreth, who now returned to America; and a few days later, with his cousin, Samuel Arthur Chevalier, who after a residence in Paris and Dresden had now come to live with him in Markgrafenstrasse, he left Berlin for a short summer vacation and rest in the island of Rügen. "I had been so long in

the city," he writes, "that the sight of natural scenery was a treat to me." Landing at Polchow, "we rode in the twilight, through fields of grain and poppies in full bloom, through Sagard to Sassnitz." The fortnight there was a season of delightful rest, which was needed as much as enjoyed. Long walks along the shores and among the cliffs of Jasmund invigorated body and mind. The natural beauties of the land itself, and the bright sea, which he ever loved with a keen delight (from the shore), soothed and refreshed him; while the pagan antiquities of the island interested his mind, and in the chalk-beds, seeking petrifications, he was reminded of the geological excursions of his boyhood.

On their return, the cousins arrived in Berlin on a Friday night. The next day, with his customary fidelity, Arthur, as he noted in his diary, "began work again;" and on Sunday he attended Dr. Cassel's Biblical Discussion, — "a real treat," he writes. As the lectures were not to begin for eight weeks, he entered upon a course of private work with the antique casts in the museum, which he supplemented by study in the Royal Library; and for the benefit of the theological side of his mind, he attended the Bibelstunde of Dr. Thomas at the Nicolaikirche, and began a series of readings in the Greek gospels with a theologian, which was of

mutual advantage, as the one was a specialist in theology and the other was well grounded in Greek.

In his letters and diary, he often speaks of his study at the museum, in which he was apparently collecting material for future use; and he speaks more definitely of a work which he had before mentioned, the purpose of which he never relinquished, and which he fondly hoped might be the crowning labor of an active, scholarly life. The plan, I think, was clearly outlined in his mind. It proposed a history of Greek literature, from its rise to its close, and necessarily involved a history of Greek art, which his archæological studies would have fitted him to follow. He says:—

“It is not to be a school-book, but a thoroughly scientific work, the preparation of which would occupy at least twenty-five years. I intend to begin on the early period as soon as I complete my studies; in fact, I govern my choice of lectures now, to a certain extent, with a view to it. Perhaps I would be able to bring out the first volume after ten years. There is no thoroughly satisfactory work of this kind in German or English; and if possible, I want to publish in both languages. I regard this as my real work, and teaching as a secondary affair,—a necessary nuisance, if it interferes with this plan.”

Another work which he hoped to accomplish in the life which in his outlook he had filled with busy

purposes, was an examination of the dependence between the Greek and other early myths and Hebrew traditions and the Old Testament narratives. Believing, as he did, that behind all myths lie producing germs of positive history, he sought to brush away the varied influences of locality and race, and the increments of time, and to reduce each to its primitive traditionary form. Had he lived, his clear and vigorous intellect, with his peculiarly conscientious character, might have produced works that would have justified his early dreams.

How his busy mind was ever fashioning plans for active work was clearly shown in the last letter which he wrote in Europe to his mother, in the spring of 1891. In this he says:—

“I have had a plan in my head for some time for a large mythological-theological work, which I wish to work out sometime; but I don't want to hurry too much with it, particularly as the ground idea of it would meet with disbelief among the German archæologists. It is nothing less than an apology for the truth of the main features of the account of the fall of man and the first Messianic promise as given in Genesis, defending them on the basis of ethnic mythology. Besides that, and possibly before that, I am meditating a history of Greek sculpture, so that my hands are likely to be full.”

In reviewing his first year in Europe, he writes:

"A year ago last night we arrived in Berlin. . . . I think I have received a general broadening in my methods and appreciation of critical work, natural enough after the lectures. . . . Then, there was the Italian trip, rich in pleasant memories. Of course, there have been some trials in the year; but I think that out of it all I have come a stronger man. I have grown, perhaps, more cosmopolitan and less narrowly American. . . . In other respects, my character may have grown a little more angular, if possible, than it was before. I am, perhaps, more stubbornly self-reliant than I used to be; this is quite natural under the circumstances, as if one who is thrown into strange surroundings adheres to his old notions to a certain extent, he must develop a sort of stubbornness. . . . I think, on the whole, I have a good outlook, though I don't know what is in store for me."

And a little later he adds:—

"I think I have made good progress in my mental development in the last six months. I feel better able to deal critically with questions than ever before, though I have grown cautious in expressing opinions without taking all the affecting influences into consideration."

The courses for the third semester were as follows:—

1. Griechische Mythologie, Prof. Carl Robert.
2. Griechische Litteraturgeschichte, I. Theil, Prof. Adolf Kirchhoff.
3. Einleitung in die Homerischen Gedichte und Erklärung ausgewählter Stellen der Odyssee, Prof. Adolf Kirchhoff.

4. Herodot, Prof. Hermann Diels.

5. Interpretation der griechischen Vasen mit Künstlersignaturen, Prof. Carl Robert.

The last was the archæological *privatissime*, which was held at the house of the Professor in Charlottenburg. Of his admission Arthur says: "Professor Robert said he would be very glad to admit me again, and expressed himself as well satisfied with my work of last semester." For this he prepared a paper on "Phintias," which was read in February.

Although these courses gave him fewer hours of lecture work than those of the previous semester, his museum and other private work filled out his time to its utmost measure. "I lead the most regular existence imaginable," he writes. "About the only dissipation I have recently indulged in is an occasional walk, or, once in a while, an hour or two on the theological books in the reading-room. I go to the museum more or less regularly in the morning." His work at the museum had been changed from the casts to the vases. The latter became a favorite subject, in connection with which he amassed a large fund of information carefully gathered and as carefully classified in the thorough manner which characterized him. It was his custom to take notes of his lectures with care, that they might furnish the basis of future work. Forty-



six volumes, in English and German, with Greek and Latin quotations and references, testify to the fulness and extent of his studies, and the earnestness and thoroughness with which he wrought. In his methods and habits of study, he appears to have changed little, if at all, from the habits and methods which he had followed at Cambridge; and the faithfulness, which had marked his childhood, had continued and had strengthened with his years. A characteristic instance of the pertinacity and honesty with which he was apt to follow his convictions, occurs in one of his letters near the close of this semester. Writing of a paper which he was preparing under some disadvantages, he says:—

“I am alternately encouraged or discouraged, according as a certain point, which I made the corner-stone of my theory, appears tenable or otherwise. In order to hold it, I shall have to fly in the face of the latest tendencies in linguistic studies. But I *will* hold it. . . . I held the prevalent theory once myself, but I became convinced that it was wrong; and even if I can’t absolutely prove my position, I had rather follow my instinct than to acknowledge the truth of the other position.”

In the same letter he says: “I am tired of stone pavements and would like to see a little of the world as God made it;” and a little later he adds: “I have concluded at last to go to Paris.”

Between going and coming he had filled in the

details of a delightful tour. He left Berlin on the morning of the eighth of March, 1889, and went to Cologne over "the stupid plains and through the enjoyable scenery around the Porta Westphalica." A day was spent in revisiting the churches and galleries of Cologne, and in roaming in its picturesque and interesting streets; and Saturday night approaching, he went to Bonn, "to spend Sunday in the bosom of an American family," with his Harvard friend, Frank Louis Van Cleef, who, while studying at the University for a doctor's degree, was living there with his wife, a Cambridge lady. Arthur often spoke of this visit as one of the enjoyable things of his life. He had much in his habits and aspirations in common with his old friend; and they had much to talk over, both of the past and the future. "I enjoyed myself immensely," he wrote; and his Sunday visit lengthened out until Wednesday, when he went up the Rhine to Coblenz, reviving his memories of that noble stream and the traditions that crowd its vine-clad banks. That night he pushed on to Trier, where he examined with the interest of an antiquary its Roman remains; and he went the next night to Metz, and to Paris on the following day.

He remained in Paris a little over three weeks, weeks that were filled with as profound and intense

study as those which he passed in the seclusion of his room in Berlin or at the University. In the streets and *passages* of Paris, he found in the remains of ancient domestic and secularized buildings, and in palaces and churches, that which gave employment to his mind and added to his stores of knowledge. In the Romanesque and early French Gothic, he had pleasure; but he deprecated the transition to Renaissance and its accompanying Rococo, which always offended his taste. Yet in the latter he found a compensating interest in tracing its gradual historical changes and degradation. Of the Pantheon he says: "This is an imposing building; but when you sit down and think, you will feel that it is ugly after all, ugly in that pompous fashion which is called 'the imitation of the classic.'"

At the Louvre, with its unrivalled stores of plastic and pictorial art, he found his greatest enjoyment. Day after day he records his work. One day he spends upon the early Italians, another upon their later and more brilliant countrymen. The Germans and other Northern schools follow; and to the early and classic French schools he gives three days, that he might better know the art of France where it can best be studied. Two days he gave to ancient sculpture; and at the close, as if in despair

of the present, he wrote: "Sculpture is a lost art, — has been since the Greeks dropped their chisels."

In his letters, he indulges in an unconstrained and sometimes playful discussion of art as he saw it and as it influenced him. Perhaps, by the present fashionable rules of art, he might have been judged a heretic at times; but I question if his plain and sometimes nervous statements have not more of truth and real reverence and love than has that dilettanteism that goes on admiring everywhere and forever.

"I don't see," he writes, after a day at the Louvre, "on what, the Last Supper and some portraits excepted, the fame of Lionardo rests. His faces are often idiotic, as his Saint John the Baptist here; Baedeker calls it 'an enthusiastic, ecstatic expression;' I would call it, rather, an idiotic, sensual grin, as if he thought the cross in his hand were somehow a good joke, which he wanted the spectator to enjoy. The same grin, or a similar one, perhaps not quite so bad, is on several of his paintings. His portrait of Mona Lisa, on the contrary, is superb. In pieces where he tries to paint landscapes as backgrounds, he usually makes a lot of impossible daubs, as in the Virgin of the Rocks. A painter for whom I have a special dislike is Paolo Veronese; I have seen one or two good pictures by him, — a Danaë in Turin is the best; but when he paints religious scenes, as he usually does, nothing can be more worldly than his huge canvases.

The Meal at Emmaus becomes a Renaissance feast, also the Marriage of Cana. Baedeker, in his general remarks on the Louvre, hits him off pretty shortly by saying, after he has discussed the other Italian masters: 'The banqueting scenes by Paolo Veronese, in a rich, but somewhat materialistic style, are too large to be easily overlooked.' That's it! Their chief claim to recognition consists in the amount of canvas used."

Murillo, so magnificently represented at the Louvre, is a master upon whose works he looked with reverent eyes. On the last day of this visit in Paris he wrote: "I went back to the pictures. I looked over the great ones again; Murillo's Immaculate Conception fettered me most of all: it is rapturous, — worthy to be placed with the Sistine Madonna and Raphael's Transfiguration."

The gorgeous allegories of the Life of Marie de Medicis impressed him less than the works of Rubens in general. "The subjects displease me," he writes, "and there is too much nude flesh. His nude figures are too apt to degenerate into 'beef,' which is n't pleasant." Then, alluding to the frequency with which Rubens, Andrea del Sarto, and others used the faces and figures of their wives in their compositions, he says:—

"I have heard that Murillo's Madonnas, which are mostly similar, — one here seems to depart from the usual standard, somewhat, — are taken from a girl whom

he loved, but who died young. After her death, he repeated her face in his pictures. I think the study of models used by the masters would prove very fruitful, though it might spoil some of our ideals. I am inclined to suspect that the model may have had quite as much to do with the renown of many works as the talent of the painter himself. Do you suppose that the Sistine Madonna ever walked the streets of Rome or hung around the Piazza di Spagna, waiting for some artist to hire her to pose?"

Of the French painters he said:—

"Altogether, I don't take very kindly to them. The earlier ones, like Poussin and Le Sueur, are pretty, oftentimes, but rarely great. The later are, of course, wonderfully skilful, but they lack depth in the choice of subjects. The Romanticists, like Delacroix and Géricault, I don't like. They use a tremendous variety of color, and the general effect is 'messy;' their paintings do not have that poise and composure which make a really satisfactory work; they are too tragic and emotional. Ary Scheffer I rather like,—that is, his Saint Augustine and Monica, and the Temptation of Christ; still, I think, a little of that he has given us in those works goes a good way. I don't like the extent to which they have cultivated historical scenes. I like the holy stories of the Italian masters much better. When the subjects are taken from the history of France, they don't touch me at all. They are nothing but ebullitions of national pride, like a Fourth of July oration. When, on the other hand, they paint Brutus and other Roman worthies, I can't feel much enthusiasm either; such things

are unreal, both to the painter and his public; they belong to a dead past, which had better be left to bury its dead. Why not paint something of general interest, which can enrapture the emotions, like a Madonna or a Transfiguration? A couple of Perugino's sweet-faced saints or angels will touch the emotions more than a hundred Roman consuls. The difference, perhaps, is that the former spring right from the painter's heart, while the latter come from his Livy or his Vergil. But the moderns, even when they attempt religious pieces, usually fail; I can count on my fingers the few really good religious paintings from this century which I have seen. Perhaps this is because our age does n't believe any more. Young artists, in particular, are usually wild and sceptical, I fear; but the convent would be a better school for them than the club; there they would at least learn faith. How can a man paint Christ to whom Christ is merely a myth? Must not his religious works be as cold and formal as his Roman scenes? Then, they pay too much attention to technical niceties. A young man here told me that the students do very little copying of the old masters. To me this seems like turning from the living fountains and hewing out broken cisterns. If I were an art student, I would copy, copy, copy Rubens, Titian, Raphael, for three or four years; and I believe that I would get farther than by sticking in a back room and daubing under a teacher."

At the Luxembourg he studied with no less diligence the work of the later men, "many of whose pictures," he writes, "appear to have been painted to show technical skill, especially in the treatment

of the nude, more than for any particular value in the subjects themselves." Nothing pleased him there like Bourguereau's *Vierge Consolatrice*, his *Burial of Saint Cecilia*, and the *Birth of Venus*. The latter, "In spite of a hackneyed subject," he says, "is charming." The first he considered one of the best modern religious pieces he had seen, although, I think, had he spoken in detail, he would have given a higher place to the *Child Jesus in the Temple* and the *Adulteress before Christ* of Hofmann at Dresden, in which, he once said, he saw the most perfect Christ of recent art. Later, when he had broadened and strengthened his opinions by an acquaintance with the galleries of London and a return to the Louvre, and had gained a larger knowledge of Flemish and Dutch art at Amsterdam and Brussels and the lesser towns of the Netherlands, he says, in a characteristic letter:—

"The old Flemings of the fifteenth century are, in their way, wonderful painters, to my mind much above most of the early Italians, about whom certain critics have made so much ado. They have a common-sense realism and a minute faithfulness in details, and a wonderfully rich, deep coloring. It would be interesting to know what would have become of the school if they had never come under Italian influence. As a matter of fact, they fell into a period of decline in the sixteenth century, to awaken at its close, or in the early part of the



next century, to the glories of Rubens, whose influence became predominating, though, with the exception of Van Dyck, none of the pupils equalled the master; and to me Van Dyck, with perhaps some exceptions, as in his portraits, is best when he is most like Rubens. . . . A painter must, first of all, be religious, and his art must be, through and through, religious; separate art and religion, and art becomes artificial and showy, except, perhaps, in the case of *genre* painting. Nine tenths of the pictures painted now are painted merely to show what the artist can do, or to tickle the public eye. Landscape painting is the most successfully cultivated line of work, and yet landscape is a low form of art; only as a background for figures has it any right to exist in the highest art. The rest of art is largely busied with historical subjects, which smell too strongly of books to be enjoyable, or with miserable mythological trash, which is, mostly, scarcely mythological, as it deals with such colorless personifications as Spring, Evening, and such nonsense; or else the artists take subjects from common life in various parts of the world, and oftentimes the subject is chosen more with regard to the opportunity for working in the nude than for anything else. Now, I have no Puritanic objections to the nude on principle; but it must be demanded by and grow naturally out of the subject of the picture in order to be in place. The subject should be the paramount idea; but many modern pictures give one the impression that the subjects were chosen for the sake of the nude element which could be worked into them. The old painters sometimes err in this respect, too,—and my favorite Rubens does so often,—but less frequently than the modern figure-painters, and in a more sensible way, in many cases. I

want a picture which tells me a story, and tells it so plainly that I need n't have to hunt up a book to understand it; and the old legends of apostles and saints and the gospel story itself must ever, from this point of view, remain the chief material of a true art."

In the intervals of what we must call his studies in Paris, when the galleries were closed, or when, in his own words, he "was wearied with a good healthful weariness," he delighted in the street life, watching it as he leisurely walked through narrow streets and *passages*, or along the *boulevards*, or looking down upon it from the tops of omnibuses and tramway-cars, at the close of the day, when the ways were crowded and the busy life of pleasure, so characteristic of Paris, began. The latter was, especially, a favorite pastime; and he said that the common traveller, who rides in carriages and fiacres, has little knowledge of the variety and picturesqueness of the street life of a great city, which one may enjoy from the elevated and democratic outlook of the *impériale*. It was rest and enjoyment, he said; and he was most pleased when he could sit near the driver and hear the *argot*, which he hurled, in good-nature or wrath, at the hurrying crowd below.

In Paris he found and attended, while he remained there, the first Sunday school which he had seen in Europe, — "that is," he says, "a regular

one;" and he made himself a frequent and welcome visitor at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. At length, after having been threatened with "a touch of homesickness for Deutschland," with a parting look at the pictures in the Louvre, — "I felt sorry at leaving the Louvre," he writes, — he left Paris on the morning of the eighth of April. On his return, he revisited Metz and Trier, and renewed his remembrances of the churches at Coblenz, especially of St. Castor, which he had hurriedly examined in 1887. At Cassel he spent a longer time, attracted by the gallery there, with its noble collection of Dutch and Flemish art.

Arthur had long been conscious that his American training had not brought him in Latin to the perfection of the German standard. Professor Diels, with ready sympathy, expressed the opinion that the fault was with the system under which he had studied, rather than with the man, and advised him to follow the language for a while with his peculiar energy (*Ihren eignen Energie*), writing and speaking under the supervision of a proper teacher, and so to come to surety and skill (*Sicherheit und Gewandtheit*). On his return from Paris, he entered at once upon a course of energetic study with Dr. Ernst Richter, formerly of Bonn, in whom he found a

competent teacher and an esteemed companion and friend. "He will give me a powerful grind," wrote Arthur; and the result is clearly shown in the Latin of his doctor's dissertation.

He chose for the courses of the summer semester of 1889 —

1. Einführung in die griechische Philosophie und Erklärung ausgewählter Bruchstücke nach Ritter-Preller *Historia phil. gr.*, Prof. Hermann Diels.

2. Über die Dialecte der Griechischen Sprache, Prof. Adolf Kirchhoff.

3. Geschichte der griechischen Heldensage, Prof. Carl Robert.

4. Catullus Elegieen nebst Callimachus Hymnen, Prof. Johannes Vahlen.

5. Über litterarische und historische Kritik, Prof. Eduard Zeller.

6. Erklärung ausgewählter Monumente, Prof. Carl Robert.

7. Archäologische Übungen im Königlichen Museum, Prof. Reinhard Kekulé.

These, with two hours under Dr. Richter and an equal time in the Latin Seminar, gave twenty-four hours of work, besides the time used for preparation and private work at the libraries and the museum, to which was added, later in the semester, two sessions at the Archäologische Apparat. "This

has n't all begun yet," he wrote early in the semester; "but when it gets to going, I shall have to spin."

The sixth course was a continuation of the *privatissime* at Charlottenburg, of which he was now one of the oldest members. At the suggestion of Professor Robert, he prepared a paper, connected with his favorite study of vases, on "Herakles and the Amazons," which was read at the close of the semester and gave him the basis of his doctor's dissertation. The influence of Professor Robert on Arthur in archæology was strong; and the student readily became confirmed in the views of the origin and nature of myths which he had early adopted, and of which he found Robert a powerful advocate. Arthur writes of his master:—

"He will have nothing to do with the modern sun-and-cloud-myth notions, except to 'sit on them.' He even denies that Apollo was originally a sun-god. . . . His method of going at the question is sensible; instead of trying to get Greek mythology out of the Eddas and the Vedas, he collects the notices preserved in authors and inscriptions of the actual temples, cults, and cult-usages. This he combines with the notices of the god concerned in Homer and in such authors as can be used safely in the investigation, and so builds up the conception of the personage. . . . The folly of the sun-myth men is apparent, when we see them finding Vedic parallels for things which never entered the head of a Greek until the fifth

century, B. C. I am an enthusiast for Robert's mythological views, and hope to be able to spread them when I go back to America, as a counterblast to the pernicious twaddle of Cox and his school."

The seventh course was a one-hour *privatissime*, to which Arthur obtained admittance, under Professor Kekulé, who, having won a reputation at Bonn as one of the foremost archaeologists of Germany, had been brought to Berlin as Director of Sculptures by the influence of the kaiser, who as a student had heard him at Bonn. It was not recognized as University work in the Verzeichniss der Vorlesungen of that semester; but Kekulé, as *Professor honorarius*, became a regular lecturer at the beginning of the next year.

This was a busy semester, yet there is no evidence of haste or looseness in the work of the student. His steadiness and strong will, which seemed to make light of all obstacles, and his remarkable powers of memory, carried him easily through that which to many would have been a season of overwork and defeat. Outside of philology and archæology, his interest in theological matters was unabated, and often led him for relaxation and rest, as he said, to investigate subjects which involved labor that few would have willingly undertaken. Vacations, on occasions of religious feasts and fasts,

gave him opportunities for hearing the ablest preachers of the Berlin pulpit; and not the least interesting portions of his letters are those in which he characterizes the men whom he heard. For the Jewish Mission and its services at the little Heiligegeistkirche, where he was a frequent attendant, he lost none of his love. He often spoke of its preachers and officers as among his dearest German friends, and of his companionship with them as something that strengthened and helped him. Nor were the American church and his friends there forgotten; but his unselfish spirit, guiding his willing heart and hands, gave itself with devotion to the helpful and loving work which gathered around the pulpit and home of the Stuckenbergs.

Under the date of the twenty-first of June, he entered in his diary: "At Dr. Stuckenberg's at a meeting to form a Young Men's League." This association, which, I believe, had a previous existence without a definite organization, had for its purpose the assistance and protection not only of its members, but of all English and American young men in Berlin. Arthur's connection with this work of a Christian brotherhood is best described in a letter written since his death by a committee of the league:—

"During the three years of his residence in Berlin, Dr. Corey was one of the most faithful members of our society. As a means of binding together the English-speaking young men in Christian fellowship and sympathy, the league was ever close to his heart, and no small part of the responsibility of its management rested upon his shoulders. His blameless life and earnest Christian character were to us who were privileged to know him a constant source of inspiration to all that was highest and best. For the warm sympathy and help which his life brought to us, we thank God, feeling that that life, though seemingly cut off on the threshold of a career of unusual promise, has not been in vain."

The result of his paper on the Amazons having confirmed him in the belief that its subject would be a proper one for a doctor's dissertation, he began to add to the materials which he had collected, and arranged to continue his investigations in the museums of London and Paris. His purpose led him into a wide and careful examination in all directions where any light might be thrown upon the lost story of "Herakles and the Amazons," which he sought to recover, and upon antique representations, which he proceeded to classify and describe. Sculptures, vases, and gems furnished illustrations that were to be brought into their proper places. Poets, historians, philosophers,—all the ranges of classical literature, were to be examined; and a long and exhaustive research through commentaries



and catalogues was to reveal that which had disappeared from sight. The material thus gathered came from the public museums and the private cabinets of Europe, and from printed catalogues and notices in eight languages.

On the tenth of August, as the steamship "Umbria" lay off Queenstown, I received a letter from Arthur. He was already in London, and had been busy for a week at the British Museum, where by the kindness of Mr. Alexander S. Murray, keeper of the department of Greek and Roman Antiquities, himself an eminent archæologist, he had enjoyed unusual facilities for studying the magnificent collections of ancient art. With an assistant to remove from the cabinets articles of which he desired a closer view, he obtained not only valuable material for the compilation which was chiefest in his mind, but an experimental knowledge that added stores to that which he already possessed.

Somehow the day was brighter and the sky more blue for that letter. It was Sunday morning when I arrived at Liverpool, and the Northwestern Express was all too slow for my impatience. It was afternoon when I came to London and found myself in Arthur's room; and the changes were ringing, in an almost human sympathy with me, from a neighboring tower. He had not expected me until

evening; and with his usual care of time and of the Sabbath, he had gone to hear Canon Liddon at St. Paul's, after a morning service at the Jews' Episcopal Chapel. When he came, I found my boy again, — not, perhaps, to outward sight just as I left him at the station in Berlin two years before. He was a little stouter and taller. His face had grown more mature, and in his thoughtful eyes there was that look of introspection which, though possessed at times by many scholars, had become more habitual with him than with most men.

How we talked that night, passing in review all the past season of his absence! All the privacies of our home-life were to come to him. All the story of his work and hopes was to come to me. Then, I found our little boy again. There were the same open-hearted confidence and the same trustful earnestness with which he would come to me as a child, bringing his boyish pleasures and griefs. Much I learned that night of his faithfulness, and of his broad outlook upon the future. With the plain directness which always marked his speech, and with simple sincerity, he spoke of all that lay nearest his heart. I think he had, in his honest trustfulness, no secret which he kept from others that he did not confide to me. I thank God that then, as ever, he knew me as a companion, and that in

our intercourse we were brothers rather than a father and a son. The edge of grief is dulled by the recollection of mutual companionship and respect.

It were difficult to reduce to details the story of those weeks of our companionship. In my remembrance, as it stands in contrast with our present sorrow, it is a pleasant dream, whose shadowy presence mocks the reality that can never return.

Arthur's special work was nearly finished when I arrived; but we passed together many pleasant hours at the museum, and I found how closely he had learned the story of the ancient world, and how self-reliant and free he was in its interpretation. It was a familiar thing; but familiarity had not reduced it to the commonplace, and he approached it with reverence and love. Nor was there a lack of modesty in his familiarity. Positive he was at times, but never dogmatic; for he held that present knowledge is only the stepping-stone to greater heights and wider views.

His letters, which have preserved so much of his impressions and thoughts, fail us during this visit to London. Twice a week, in Berlin or abroad, he had written to us; and he playfully said that he deserved a vacation while I was with him. So we have of those days but a slight record in his diary, presenting little beyond brief notes of each

day's work or pleasure. Yet, from his conversation I gained, perhaps, a deeper knowledge of him than I could have gathered from his letters. And how rich was that conversation, as in museum, or gallery, or church, by comparison and criticism or examination, he made me to see how travel and study had filled and strengthened his mind.

It was not strange that, with his love of the essential principles of the Romanesque, he was attracted by the simple and massive Norman style that one may study so well in London in the Temple Church, in the chapel of St. John in the Tower, and in the remains of the beautiful church of St. Bartholomew the Great. In Westminster Abbey, where there is so much to admire and so much, for artistic reasons, to condemn, he found in a still greater degree that human interest that appealed so strongly to him in Antwerp. Thither we returned, again and again; and he found each time renewed inspiration in the memories of the past that throng its hallowed walls and fill the walks of its time-worn cloisters. Nor was it for mere sight-seeing that he visited so often the venerable shrine of England's honor and pride. "I *studied* through the chapels slowly," he writes, "and enjoyed the time." The chapel of Henry the Seventh he admired for the perfection of its

exquisite work; the abbey itself he valued most of all for its associations. Yet he never allowed sentiment, which he enjoyed for itself, to blunt his perceptions or hinder his habits of observation. Keenly alive was he to all that revealed the history of the work before him; and he saw, with an almost unerring eye, the arch or moulding that recorded the elevation or debasement of a style, or marked the age that gave them form.

Of the churches of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, of which London shows so many interesting examples, he said: "The churches, in a great number of cases, show the direct or indirect impress of the style of Sir Christopher Wren, which is, to be sure, somewhat pleasing. It is infinitely better than the Rococo of the continent."

In London Arthur had the first opportunity of seeing to any extent the work of the British painters. I think he gave them no high place in his estimation as compared with the masters of the Continental schools. The latter had so fully filled his mind that the moderns really had but little place with him, except for their excellencies in technique, and sometimes in composition and color, which he always recognized. In later art he failed to find, except on rare occasions, anything that approached that sincerity and devotion of the older

men with which he was so much in sympathy and which were of kinship to the honesty and faithfulness of his own character. Hogarth he admired, to a certain extent, for his didactic force and mastery of color. Of the later men he says in his diary: "Many of them are very attractive, but Landseer's animals pleased me best of all;" and some of the works of Mulready at South Kensington interested him for their sympathy with child-life, perhaps, and their harmonious coloring, either of which qualities were likely to appeal to his feelings. With Turner, I gather, he was at first not satisfied, missing in his works that directness which pleased him best, and puzzled over a mystery of color and form that seemed to veil the truth which he sought. I cannot forget the moment when the revelation of the great artist came to him. It was on one of those dull gray days, which come so often in London, that we sat in the Turner room at the National Gallery; and the bright colors seemed to lie in inharmonious masses on the great canvases. Suddenly there came a burst of sunlight falling fully upon the wall before us, and the struggling masses of color blazed in a glory of light. I remember his exclamations of pleasure and surprise, and how he went again around the room, finding new beauties and excellencies. After that he counted Turner among those

artists that he cared for. I find in his diary a half-regretful notice of his last visit to the National Gallery, when he took a farewell of "Raphael, Perugino, Francia, Titian, Turner, and all the rest," naming them, perhaps, in the order in which they were ranked in his mind. I can understand how, coming from the National Gallery, he could place the painters of the Certosa Madonna and the Buon-visa altar-piece before "Titian and all the rest."

On a pleasant day in the vicinity of Hampton Court, Arthur's love for quiet rural scenery was gratified to the fullest extent. We had spent the morning in the palace, where in the large and varied collections of art he had found pleasure and profit in the contemplation of that which three hundred years of royal care has brought together, selecting as of special interest and value "several portraits by Holbein and the Baptism of Christ by Francesco Francia;" and after a lunch at noon in a little riverside inn, we rode through Bushey Park to Teddington and back. Then we walked a long way on the river bank, through the fresh meadows, strolling leisurely under the beauty of a blue sky by glittering waters and cool green groves. I remember how Arthur's spirits rose in the ramble, quickening his motions and speaking in the exultant tones of his voice. "The day was perfect,"

he writes in his diary, "and the boats in the river added life to a lovely scene. It was one of the most idyllic places I ever saw." I remember it now for its associations with the day at Heidelberg, and another day as lovely at Versailles, the pleasant memories of which were in his mind a few hours before his death.

We spent my last forenoon in London at Westminster Abbey, in the midst of the scenes which had become familiar and dear to both. Dearer to me now are they, as I recall the companionship of those happy days. In the quiet of the gray old cloisters, our favorite haunt, we walked and talked a long time; and at the last, sitting by the statue of Pitt at the great west door, we reviewed earnestly all we had said of the past and the future. In our weakness and short-sightedness, life was bright and the future secure. Alas! as if by fate, we were sitting beneath the memorial of Jeremiah Horrocks, whose youthful promise and early death, had we heeded them, would have told us of the uncertainty of life and the vanity of earthly hopes.

Arthur remained in London two days after I had left him, giving one to some final work at the museum, and spending some time with his cousins, the Chevaliers, who had been there during our stay. From London he proceeded to Paris, by the way of



Dieppe, stopping one day at Rouen for the sake of its churches.

At Paris, where he remained ten days, by the kindness of M. Edmond Pottier of the Musée du Louvre, and M. Ernest Babelon of the Cabinet des Médailles et Antiques at the National Library, he was given facilities for the prosecution of his work equal to those he had enjoyed in London; and the Musée Céramique at Sèvres, where he found a single piece which illustrated his subject, was freely open to his examination. When he returned to Berlin, he had seen and closely examined all the antiques in the public collections of London and Paris which threw light upon the subject he had in hand, and had learned, in his intercourse with the archæologists he had met, how universal among the scholars of all nations is the spirit of brotherhood, and how freely the riches of the museums and galleries of Europe are open to him who seeks them with an earnest purpose.

His days at Paris were almost entirely passed in the Louvre and at the National Library; and he gave little time to the ordinary pleasures of the tourist. A few brief visits to the churches which especially interested him, or a ride upon the roof of an omnibus at the close of the day, were the most of his indulgences. He mentions three hasty

visits to the Exposition, which in the summer of 1889 attracted crowds of strangers to Paris, where he found the most interest in the exhibition of modern art. "I don't care much for Buckeye reapers and other improved implements," he writes. "Nothing that I saw looked more comforting than a pair of boots with John H. Parker's name, in the exhibit of the Boston Rubber Shoe Company."

From Paris he went to Cologne, where he passed a day; and joining the Van Cleefs at Bonn, he spent three days with them upon the Rhine, going as far as Bingen and the Niederwald. For him the Rhineland never lost its beauty. "Though I have seen much of it," he writes, "it never loses a shadowy mist of romance. When I am on it, it looks matter-of-fact enough and has an every-day aspect; but in a month, the same romantic mist settles down on my memories of it."

He left his friends at Coblenz and returned to Cologne, from whence he went to Hildesheim, drawn thither by the fame of its churches and the beauty of its mediæval streets. In a brief note, he writes of those things which pleased him most in his rambles in that ancient home of Romanesque art, of the ceiling-paintings of St. Michael's, which show "wonderful skill and freshness," the cloisters of the Dom, and the chapel of St. Anne.

On his return to Berlin, he had relinquished, though not without a feeling of disappointment, the purpose which he had long entertained of an early visit to Greece, where he intended to remain a year before taking his degree in Germany. He had carried from Cambridge a deep interest in the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. As a student of the Berlin University he would have been allowed to attend the German Institute; and it is probable that he would have taken advantage of his privileges in both schools. His enthusiasm for the work which he could do in Greece might have led him to carry out his wishes; but Professor Robert so earnestly sought to dissuade him that he was hesitating, when a letter from Professor Goodwin of Cambridge settled the question, and he set the long wished-for visit in the future, as a reward which he promised himself after he had obtained the doctor's degree. He never regretted this course; for he saw that an absence from Berlin at this time would have broken in upon his studies to an extent for which the year at Athens would hardly have compensated.

The consideration of the work which he had planned induced him to devote fewer hours to the lecture-room; and his courses for the winter semester of 1889-90, reduced to thirteen hours, were as follows:—

1. Geschichte der hellenistischen Kunst, Prof. Carl Robert.

2. Griechische Privatalterthümer, Prof. Carl Robert.

3. Archäologische Übungen, Prof. Carl Robert.

4. Geschichte der griechischen Plastik, im Königlichen Museum, Prof. Reinhard Kekulé.

With some hesitation he decided to drop out of the *privatissime* of Professor Robert, and substituted the third course in the list, known as the "little" *übungen*, which had the advantage of being held in Berlin and of being conducted by extemporaneous discussions. Besides these courses and a regular attendance at the *apparat* and the seminar, he continued the bi-weekly Latin exercises with Dr. Richter, and, although perhaps in a less degree than before, his private researches and observations in the museums and libraries. The material which he had collected in London and Paris was now compared and arranged with that which he had before gathered in Berlin, and began to be supplemented by a careful and extended reading for illustrations from obscure sources, which involved the examination of many catalogues of museums and private collections, even, sometimes, of auction sales, in which, he says, "one may find little or nothing that is wanted." "A large part

of my work lately," he adds, "has been about as interesting as reading a lot of indexes would be." As this work progressed and the substance began to grow into form under his hands, I find him writing at times with satisfaction and even enthusiasm, and sometimes with expressions of disappointment and anxiety, as in some obscure lines the material seemed inadequate to his purpose or a temporary weariness disheartened him. Yet his discouragements were never of long duration; and his pertinacity and courage, with the activity and clearness of his mind, carried him easily and readily over all obstacles to the end.

I find evidences that this winter was in many ways the most pleasant he had passed in Europe. Berlin had become to him a second home, to which he was attached and where he had found friends whom he loved and esteemed. Of his connection with the students at this time he writes:—


"During this semester I have got into the acquaintance of the German students more, and have been less apart. Of this I am glad. Before, I was a foreigner who came and went; nobody knew much about me. The work on my dissertation has brought me more in contact with the archaeological men, and next semester I shall belong to the veterans."

His interest in the work of the American church, with the Young Men's League and the Temperance

Society, continued to give employment to much of the little leisure which he allowed himself; and he was as sincere and devoted in his voluntary connection with the Jewish Mission, among the officers and preachers of which he found some of his most intimate and dearest friends.

Soon after his return from Paris, he had removed with the Briske family to Jerusalemerstrasse, where he remained until March, when, in consequence of a second removal to a distant part of the city, he went to the *pension* of Frau Dr. Elise Lüdde, at the corner of Friedrichstrasse and Schützenstrasse. He had lived in the family of Frau Briske two years and a half, and had found a pleasant home, from which he parted with regret. His life there, and the happy hours which it had given him, were remembered with pleasure when the ocean separated him from the familiar scenes and faces which he was to see no more. In the new home he found agreeable surroundings and congenial acquaintances, and remained there until his final departure from Berlin.

Of an event which gratified his patriotism and filled him with memories of his own New England, he writes in November: "Great preparations are being made for the Thanksgiving dinner. Oysters and sweet potatoes have been ordered from America,



and mince and pumpkin pies are to be served.” This dinner, at which Minister Phelps presided and Count Herbert Bismarck was present, was given at the Kaiserhof and was quite successful, eclipsing in some respects the more limited dinners which had been given in former years by the ladies of the American church. Speeches and music followed the dinner; and “an opera singer, Alvani, a German by birth, but who has been much in America, sung the Star Spangled Banner and the Suwanee River, with good effect.” A little later, he writes of an afternoon tea given by the ladies of the American Embassy at the new house of Mr. Phelps; but a less pleasant affair was an attack of the influenza, which was then prevalent in Europe as well as America, which confined him to his room several days and troubled him with its depressing effects much longer.

In December he was disquieted by the announcement that Professor Robert was to go to Halle at the end of the semester. He nearly resolved to follow his friend in his removal; but an attachment to Berlin, and a desire to finish there what he had so well begun, determined his course. The archæological men gave a *kneipe* at the close of the semester in honor of their departing teacher, of which Arthur writes:—

"The Abschiedsfeier for Professor Robert was given at the Pschorr-Bräu, as I wrote. Robert made a few heart-felt remarks; and an archæological farce, full of jokes and fun, written for the occasion, was performed. I drank my selfers out of an earthen beer-mug and got home at two o'clock. To-day Robert ended his lectures. At the second one, a number of his old pupils were present; and his desk and chair were decorated with green, which is a high testimonial of respect. After the lecture I walked with him a little way. Almost his last words were, 'See that you write a good dissertation.' He advised me by all means to go to Greece, unless I were likely to have an opportunity to come over again soon. I don't know that I have not made a blunder in not following him to Halle."

They never met again.

In the midst of his studies, Arthur still found occasions for working on theological questions. "Perhaps I have missed my calling," he writes; "I ought to have studied theology, I do so enjoy getting at the theological books in the reading-room and following out various questions. My pet line of work would probably be Biblical criticism and exegesis; but I suppose I had better stick to my Greek vases and verbs." In another place he says, "I was always a Bible boy; my mother made me so." How he followed out and weighed for himself questions which the thoughts or words of others suggested, may appear in an extract from one of his letters, written at the close of this semester:



"Yesterday, before our American service, I heard Schneidler at the Jerusalemskirche, mainly out of curiosity, as I wanted to know what so radical a preacher would have to say on Easter. I enjoyed his sermon exceedingly. He evidently puts the whole resurrection on a transcendental basis, without giving any particular attention to the fact of a *bodily* resurrection. I doubt how much his audience would read between the lines; and if they didn't, there were many good suggestions in his sermon. I was able to see farther, however, and as I say, enjoyed it exceedingly as an exhibition of what a man in his position will do. But I fear that his theory would rather have tumbled in, if he had looked the fact of an empty tomb square in the face, which he carefully avoided doing. To-day, I am going to hear his colleague, Von Soden, who is n't quite as radical."

Again, in an earlier letter, he says:—

"In ——'s lecture list I see one sermon on the 'Great Evidential Miracle.' I suppose he will preach on the resurrection of Jesus; but it seems to me that even this, itself, rests for its evidence on another, the conversion of Paul. It is conceivable (of course I don't mean that I believe it) that the disciples, out of self-interest, might have invented the story of the resurrection; but in Paul we see a man who must have been conversant with the events in Jerusalem, a man who from a worldly standpoint had everything to lose by becoming a Christian, suddenly turning about and preaching the faith he once persecuted. There is no conceivable explanation of this that will bear examination, except that which he gives himself, and which Luke gives in the Acts. If the res-

urrection was an invention of the disciples, it is inconceivable that Paul should have turned about and preached it. The conversion of Paul is the evidence of the truth of the resurrection itself, it seems to me; and if the resurrection be true, then the rest is true also."

Arthur saw Prince Bismarck as he began his memorable journey to Friedrichsruh. "I was in Wilhelmstrasse," he writes, "where the excitement was intense as he drove by. Thousands had gathered along the route to see him, and cheered and ran after him as he rode by." But occasions of more interest to him, because they concerned those whom he loved as friends, were the marriage of Prediger Loewen, of the mission, in the Bethlehemskirche (*Böhmische*), when Pastor Knak preached from Ruth i. 16, 17, and the last service in Berlin of Prediger Schwabedissen, at the Heiligegeistkirche, on the next day. At the close of the latter service, with the mission preachers, he went to supper with the newly wedded pair, to whom in a few days he gave a last farewell as the young preacher departed to his post of service at a distant station.

With the exception of a single course, those of the summer semester of 1890 were given to archaeology. They were:—

1. Griechische Kunstmythologie im Königlichen Museum, Prof. Ernst Curtius.

2. Grundzüge der Archäologie, Prof. Reinhard Kekulé.

3. Die Alterthümer der Akropolis von Athen, Prof. Ernst Curtius.

4. Leidensgeschichte Jesu, Prof. Dr. Bernhard Weiss.

5. Entwicklung der attisch Vasenmalerei, Dr. Botho Graef.

6. Archäologische Übungen, Dr. Botho Graef.

In the lectures of Professor Weiss, Arthur indulged himself in hearing that celebrated theologian, and he often expressed a regret that time had not given him opportunities for other courses in theological directions. His daily life during this semester differed little, if at all, from that which he had passed in former years. His dissertation was completed in June, and there were indications which assured him of its success.

His letters at this time contain much that breathes of confidence in his work. Seldom did he express a fear as to the result; but he often dwelt upon the uncertainties which awaited him on his return to America. In the career which he had marked out, I think he had allowed a season of patient work, perhaps of temporary disappointment, looking forward to later years for the reward which time bestows upon the faithful laborer. I think de-

spondency came to him only in those moments of weariness which come to all; and he soon recovered from it, with a humorous thought or an hour's recreation. "I must keep as warm as I can over the poor little bonfire of a distant hope," he once wrote, after a season of misgiving over the future.

Early in this semester, the arrival at Berlin of his friend, Demetrius Kalopothakes, an original member of the Classical Club and his college chum at Cambridge, gave him that pleasure which comes through association with those with whom our tastes and habits are in accord, and whose presence recalls the memories of past and happy days. During the remainder of Arthur's life in Berlin, the companionship of the Harvard boys, the Greek and the American, was close and pleasant to each. Visits to Berlin during the summer of parties of Malden friends and neighbors broke the even tenor of his studious days, and were often recalled by Arthur as among the pleasant incidents of his foreign life.

At the close of the semester he writes, "I am going to have a good rest;" and he found that which he sought in the little village of Neu-Babelsberg, in the Havelland, where, as he wrote, were "fresh air and musquitoes."

"I am," he writes, "well pleased with this place. It is a village of summer residences near a pond, with a

good deal of woodland. I live at the station, which is a little apart from the main village. Just beyond the house is a piece of pine woods, and there are groves on the other side of the railroad. The weather is so mild that I sit out of doors most of the time. I brought my steamer-chair, and am wearing my flannel shirt for the first time since I left the ship. The food is simple and good, and there is a plenty of it. It is a good place to rest and to read for my examination."

Here, in addition to rest and leisure for reading, he found opportunities for those long walks in the roads and open country in which he delighted. "I spent most of the time out of doors," is a frequent entry in his diary; and he varies his days by walks to the Jagdschloss Stern and the Griebnitzsee or the Pfaueninsel. On Sundays he goes to church in the weavers' village of Nowawes, where one "hears the clicking of the hand-loom in the houses as he goes along the street," or at Klein-Glienicke; and again on a week day, he takes a walk to Babelsberg through the woods.

On his return to Berlin, refreshed by a month's rest and exercise in the fields and groves, he prepared for a season of close and busy work.

Of the fourteen hours given weekly to the lecture-rooms, in the seventh and last semester at Berlin, ten were devoted to archæological subjects and four to Greek history under Professor Köhler. The lat-

ter subject was probably chosen with reference to its bearing upon his approaching examination, for which he was now to prepare. The courses, of which the fourth was a *privatissime*, were as follows:—

1. Griechische Geschichte bis zur Schlacht bei Mantinea, Prof. Ulrich Köhler.

2. Altere griechische Plastik, Dr. Botho Graef.

3. Archäologische Übungen, Dr. Botho Graef.

4. Epigraphische Übungen, Prof. Adolf Kirchhoff.

5. Geschichte der griechischen Kunst, von den Perserkriegen an, mit Benutzung des Königlichen Museums, Prof. Adolf Furtwängler.

Although these courses, in the matter of time involved, were such as the average student might undertake for his full work, Arthur considered them as an agreeable means of relaxation in the midst of the severer study by which he was preparing for his final examination; and he still found time for the good which he could do at the mission and the church. At the meetings of the Young Men's League he was always present, sometimes as a leader, always taking an active part; and in November he was chosen a member of the committee of the American church, in which he worked with devotion and zeal until his final departure from Berlin. Now *hospitizing* upon a popular lecturer, now calling upon friends or a favorite instructor,

or walking out to the Thiergarten when the weather was fine, he broke the hours of study by others of rational and temperate enjoyment, and filled the days to the full in the healthful exercise of the duties and higher pleasures of life.

He writes of a pleasant Thanksgiving dinner, which Frau Lüdde gave to her American boarders, that seemed to him more homelike than a public dinner, "where one has to sit in a big hall." They had "turkey of course, and no real cranberries, as a New England table would have, but *Preisselbeeren*, the German substitute. After dinner, the time was spent in singing." We remembered a few months ago, when the old-time feast-day came and our darkened home saw no change in our daily life, when thankfulness seemed smothered by sorrow, and tears fell silently from wearied eyes, that he wrote in the hopefulness and security of life: "Another Thanksgiving I shall be in America."

Soon after the Thanksgiving, he writes of a Winckelmanns-Fest, held by the Anomia, — a society of archæological men of which he was a member, and which, I think, had its origin among the students of Professor Robert's *privatissime*. An illustrated paper prepared for the occasion, a copy of which is now before me, is an interesting specimen of student wit and ingenuity. He says:—

"Last Monday night I went to the Winckelmann celebration of the archæological boys. Winckelmann was the father of scientific archæology, and the Archæological Society celebrates his birthday annually. The boys have followed the example, but held their meeting a night earlier so that some of the older men could attend both. It was, of course, a drinking affair in a mild way (I use 'mild' from a German standpoint); and the boys thought it was very good of me to go, seeing that I had different ideas on that point. I drank soda-lemonade. The archæological 'grinds' were rich, and two of the boys got up a very amusing comic picture-paper by a copying process. I got home at about one o'clock."

With this semester there began an intensifying of a desire to forecast the coming life of opportunities and work into which he seemed about to enter. There was now a hopeful thoughtfulness of the future pervading his letters. Sometimes this thoughtfulness became anxiety; but I think this feeling was never a morbid one, even in his most anxious moments. It was rather the energetic and impatient movement of an active mind seeking, with solicitude, the way to those things which were most desirable. At the close of the year he says:—

"This is the last letter I shall write in the old year to you. The end of the year finds me less advanced than I had hoped at the beginning; still, taking it all in all, I have much to be thankful for. I hope that a year from now I shall be settled in a good place in America."



In the same letter he copied the following verse from a hymn of Christian Sachse in the "Evangeliſches Geſangbuch:" —

"Tragt ihn fein ſanft ins Schlafgemach,  
Ihr Lieben, folgt ihm ſegnend nach.  
Nun gute Nacht, der Tag war ſchwül  
Im Erdgewühl;  
Nun gute Nacht! die Nacht iſt kühl." <sup>1</sup>

Little thought he or we that in a few months thoſe words would be recalled when his hand was ſtilled and his tongue could ſpeak no more.

At length, on the third of January, the diſſertation was deposited with the Dean of the University, and Profeſſors Curtius and Kirchhoff were appointed to read it. In print, it makes an octavo of one hundred and five pages. It is entitled "De Amazonum Antiquiſſimis Figuris," and is dedicated "Parentibus Dilectiſſimis nec non Aviæ Cariſſimæ Sacrum." Of it Arthur ſays in one of his letters: —

"It attempts to collect all known representations of Amazons in Greek art up to the time of the cloſe of the

<sup>1</sup> This verſe has been ſomewhat freely rendered by a writer in the "Atlantic Monthly," September, 1872: —

"Now of a laſting home poſſeſſed,  
He goes to ſeek a deeper reſt.  
Good night! the day was ſultry here  
In toil and fear.  
Good night! the night is cool and clear."

so-called severe red-figured style of vases. Absolute completeness is impossible; but several hundred monuments, chiefly vases, are brought together. It falls into four parts. The first describes the monuments which represent the fight of Herakles and the Amazons. At the close of this chapter an attempt is made to reconstruct the poetical authority followed by the artists, which leads to the conjecture that the poem used was a work of the seventh century, B. C., by Kinaithon of Lakcdaimonia. The short second chapter is devoted to monuments relating to the story of Theseus and the Amazons, together with conjectures as to the forms of the story current at about the year 500 B. C. The third part collects the vases which show Amazons in other scenes; and the short fourth part treats a few small Italo-Greek bronzes representing Amazons. The book is spiced with polemics against the late Professor Luebbert of Bonn, as to the origin of a fragment of a poem relating to the Herakles legend, against the late Professor Welcker of Bonn, as to the Theseus legend, and Professor Lœschcke of Bonn, as to the origin of the equestrian type of Amazons on Attic vases."

In another letter he writes:—

"There is a great mass of literary references, — nearly four hundred foot-notes. In the preparation, I have used Greek, Latin, French, German, English, Italian, Dutch, and modern Greek, — the last two a little."

On the fourteenth of February the dissertation had passed the ordeal of the committee and the hands of the Faculty; and one at least was said to

have informally pronounced it "a learned work." The examination was appointed with Professors Curtius, Kirchhoff, Köhler, and Zeller as examiners. In the letter that followed the telegram which he sent that day, Arthur says:—

"This is the only thing I care enough about to write of. Until Thursday, one thought will be uppermost in my mind. Did we ever think that I would come to this? How little, as a school-boy, I thought that I would ever be a candidate for the highest literary degree in the most famous University in the world."

The examination, which, after the usage of Berlin, had been preceded by a formal call in evening dress upon each of the examiners, was begun at six o'clock on the evening of the nineteenth of February, and continued about two hours. Of this, before he slept, he wrote to us:—

"I have passed my examination to-night, as you will learn by the cable. I think, on the whole, it was not very severe. There were many things, particularly in Greek, on which I had spent much time, which were not called for at all. On the other hand, the lightning struck in several places where I did n't expect it, and I got a little rattled in a few cases. I kept my head excellently, however, and felt as if I were doing well. The process was not very uncomfortable. Each candidate goes to a little table at which he sits by himself; and the professor, who is examining him for the time being, comes and sits down beside him. When he gets through, he goes

away and another comes. At the close the candidates leave the room, and finally are called in to hear the decision. My dissertation got the predicate, '*diligentiæ et eruditionis specimen laudabile*,' — a praiseworthy specimen of industry and learning."

As I was leaving my office in Boston on the afternoon of that day, I received a message which he had penned in Berlin at a little before nine o'clock that evening. They were simple words enough which it contained, — "Yeroc Boston Passed," — but they conveyed to our hearts, as by a flash, the joy and the sense of thankfulness for mercies received which he felt who had sent them. Long before midnight in Berlin, a messenger stood at the door in Friedrichstrasse with our word of gratitude and love.

During the next three weeks Arthur was busy with the reading and revision of the proof-sheets of his dissertation as it was passing through the press; and he notes with appreciation the helpful and friendly services of Dr. Richter, his former instructor, and Alonzo E. Taylor of New York, in this to him unwonted and sometimes tiresome occupation. "The vexation over the printing," he writes, "lasted up to the last minute;" but on the ninth of March, after working all day and into the evening with his friend Taylor, who re-

mained with him to the last, the final proof was read, and he had established his claim to the title and rank of a Doctor of Philosophy.

On the thirteenth of March, he acted as the first disputant at the promotion of his fellow student of the Robert circle, Fernand Chavannes; and on the afternoon of the next day received his own degree. His opponents in the disputation were friends in whose companionship he had passed many pleasant hours. They were students Max Pohl and Walther Busch and Dr. Ernst Richter. Arthur's description of his promotion is characteristic in its simple and half-playful style, with a total absence of anything like an expression of gratulation or pride. When he felt deepest he said the least. He writes:

"On Saturday I had my promotion. There was quite an audience, largely of American ladies, who wished to see the ceremony; and it went off pretty well. After I had conquered my three adversaries, — 'gloriously,' as the dean said in his address, — the dean read the doctor-oath, binding me to religion, virtue, truth, etc., and never to receive the degree from another university; and after I had sworn, he created me doctor, — 'Philosophiæ Doctoris et Artium Liberalium Magistri.'"

Among the ladies present were many of the pupils of the school of Mrs. Mary B. Willard, who could not but have felt a national pride in the success of the young American.

There was now to be with Arthur a season of leave-takings and last things. His last lecture had already passed at the closing of Professor Furtwängler's course. The day after the promotion was the Sabbath, a day ever sacred to him; and he notes in his diary one more hearing of Prediger Stöcker at the Stadtmissionssaal, and a sermon from Mark x. 45, the last which he heard from his more than friend, Dr. Stuckenberg, who departed the next day for Italy.

The most of the succeeding week was spent in Dresden, where he was led by a desire to renew earlier impressions, and to see again, after several years of study and experience, those immortal works which on his first visit had filled him with delight and admiration. A day at Wittenberg, in the Luther-land, completed the little journey, and he returned to Berlin on Saturday night.

There is a pathos that he knew not of in the simple record of his daily life which he made in his diary in those closing days in the city where he had found so much warmth of sympathy and friendship, and where, by the purity of his life and the strength of his character, he left so honorable a memory. We see him visiting one by one the museums and galleries, once so strange but now so familiar; and he often lingers upon their thresh-

olds with thoughtful eyes turned backward ere he departs from the scenes where he had wrought so patiently with fervor and love. One by one he seeks the old friends for a parting word, and I know that often, when his lips smiled, there were tears in his heart. A few days before his death, when health was his and a long life seemed before him, he spoke of some who were his companions in work, and expressed a wish that was a half regret. "I wish so much to see them," he said. "I will go sometime and find them." On being reminded that they would be scattered, and that it might be difficult to find them, he replied, "I would go over Germany from one end to the other to see them."

Writing of the last Sunday but one in Berlin, he says:—

"Yesterday morning I was at the American church as usual, and in the early evening I attended the service in the little German church of which I have before written (the Heiligegeistkirche). Dear little church, hallowed by the prayers of centuries, some of the dearest memories of my German life centre around it and the friends who were connected with it."

On the last Good Friday of his life he bade farewell to the little church when his friend, Prediger Bieling, preached from John xix. 16-18. After the service they walked together. I think they did

not meet again. Of this parting, Prediger Bieling writes:—

“Very clearly do I recall the last evening we were together. It was on Good Friday, after the service at our little mission church, when we took a long walk. Speaking of his going home very soon, he said at parting, ‘So far as we can see, humanly speaking, probably we shall not meet again.’ (*Menschlich gesprochen werden wir uns wohl kaum noch wiedersehen.*) I answered, ‘Christians say always, We meet again (*auf wiedersehn*). If not here surely it will be above in heaven.’ We clasped hands, as a token that we understood each other. Now he has gone in the true rest in Christ, and has found an eternal home. As his were ended, let us pray that God, the Lord, may end our wanderings.”

I find a sad pleasure in tracing, by his letters and diary, his movements during those last days. Those with whom he had been most intimate in the lecture-room and the archæological circle had left Berlin at the close of the semester. On Easter, he attended his final service at the American church, where he had been so helpful in many ways; and after making a farewell call upon Mrs. Stuckenberg, he took tea once more with Mr. James Watt of the British and Foreign Bible Society, at whose hospitable board he had often been welcomed, and in whose friendship he had found pleasure and strength. The next day, as if unwilling to leave the scenes



where he had found inspiration, he twice attended service at the Nicolaikirche, and bade farewell to German friends, a lawyer and his wife, who had welcomed him first of all to Berlin.

The next day, the last in Berlin, still faithful to his friends, he records his visits to Demetrius Kalopothakes and several German acquaintances, calling finally upon those in whose midst he had seen the most of German domestic life, the family of Frau Briske, whose kind offices he appreciated and remembered even at the last. Besides, he went once more to the museum for a last ramble through its well-known rooms and another loving look at the objects upon which he had spent so many hours of faithful work. His friend Taylor was with him at his room last of all.

Though this slight record may seem trivial and of little interest, these parting calls meant much to him; and I know how the gladsome thought of returning to America struggled with the regrets that filled his mind as he saw the old friends and the familiar places, where so much of happiness had been, receding from him. Through it all, and to the last days of his life, he held still the hope of seeing all again in the coming years.

The next morning early, on the first of April, in a snow squall, he left Berlin; and at night, arriv-

ing at Utrecht, the old life, the student life, was past, and he had left the Germanland forever. That night, before he slept, he wrote to us in America, and we can find a gentle tone of sadness and regret beneath the apparent cheerfulness of his words.

"This morning I left Berlin on the same train by which father left when he bade me good-by on that September morning now nearly four years ago. What a change since then! What lay before me as an unconquered country is now behind me; and instead of the inexperienced 'fox' (*Herr Fuchs*, the German freshman), I am now *Herr Doctor*."

With the highest degree of the first University of the world, Arthur had now attained the object which had been nearest his heart; and he found himself about to enter that active life within whose untried bounds he had traced with a firm hand a course of usefulness and honor. How opportunities or accidents might have modified his life we know not. We cannot doubt that the firmness and honesty of his character, the rare alertness and clearness of his mind, the patient and thorough training which had been given both, and the sound scholarship in many directions which years of study had brought, would have given him an early and firm position among the scholars of America. He had imbibed the German spirit of thoroughness in

attention to details; and he grouped those details in a broad and comprehensive manner, that gave him a wide mastery. "He was acquainted with many departments," wrote Professor Diels.

As a teacher, he would have drawn with conscientious care, from widely separated sources, the inspiration which he was to impart; but above all, he would have been the Christian teacher,—a teacher of souls as well as of minds. As a specialist, his fields would have been those of classic art and philology. To the latter, perhaps, he would have given his earliest work; as in the former he saw but present opportunities for sowing the seed, rather than tilling the growing crops for the plentiful harvests which he hoped sometime to see. But in the paths of art history and criticism he would have found, in time, his chiefest pleasure, perhaps his most productive labors; and the firm grasp with which he held his materials, the plain straightforwardness with which he would have used them, and his love for substantial facts as opposed to fanciful theories would have given him strength and power.

He was less a Latin than a Greek. In the works of the latter he saw an almost perfect grace, in which was unfolded the essence of all knowledge, which he loved less for itself than for its influence upon the manners, the literature, and the art of all time.

He had no sympathy with that sordid utilitarianism which in its blindness knows only the material dollar as the result of its own mean efforts, and in the self-sufficiency of its ignorance feels nothing of that influence of the past which has made possible the civilization in which it lives. Wealth was less to him than the attainments of the intellect. He would have lived in a world of beauty, but it was essential that beauty should come to him clothed in truth and with the spirit of honor.

Although he had passed into manhood, he retained many of the characteristics of his earlier years. Always unobtrusive, he never made a display of himself in his manner or by his speech. Yet there was nothing awkward or constrained in either. A little retiring he may have been at times, for that is a scholarly trait; but he passed easily, sometimes gracefully, into conversation, without forcing it into channels in which he might by his attainments take a leading part. But when the discourse turned upon matters which were of interest to him, the hearer was attracted by the ease with which he combined and expressed the results of his experience and study. He naturally chose the rugged and strong older words of the language, which as he warmed in conversation he used in a nervous and sometimes forcible manner. His descriptions and

explanations were always terse and often exhaustive, usually begun without preface, and never running into the diminished threads of speech.

In his lighter moments he was as full of fun and as fond of play as a boy. With a keen sense of the ludicrous, and a ready faculty of seeing the ridiculous, he was always finding some cause of mirth. Often, in the streets of London or Paris, have I heard his subdued but merry laughter as he found an incentive in the busy life around him. Of himself he says, writing in a lightsome vein to a friend who had rallied him upon his gravity:—

“Now, I don’t believe I am such a terribly sombre sort of a character as you seem to think. Over here I pass rather as an inveterate joker and story-teller; and I often make excruciating puns in German as well as in English. This is a side of one’s character which only shows in daily life and does not come out in letters. A joke must be made on the spur of the moment, not in cold blood with pen and ink.”

He used to say that the test of one’s knowledge of a foreign language is the ability to understand its jokes, and that he knew he was doing well when he could join in a contest with German punsters. He said that he delighted in “old yarns;” and I remember the glee with which he spoke of a Christmas party in Berlin, at which, as he wrote us, he

received "a string of chestnuts marked 'third century, B. C.,'" and had his revenge in returning "a dear little wooden ass that bobbed his head."

A distinguishing feature of his childhood remained with him until the last,—respect and tenderness for the aged, tenderness and pity for the poor. With this were a deep-seated reverence, where reverence was due, which was never forced, and a constant interest in little children. Often in the last weeks of his European life, in which we were together in France, did the exercise of these traits recall the little boy I once knew. For the rest, only those who knew him best can ever know the depth and purity, the beauty and truth of his life. One who at home and abroad, as a student, enjoyed his closest friendship, has brought him back to us in a few heartfelt words:—

"He was under all circumstances kind and sympathetic, always eager to forget self in helping others; of true Christian character; a conscientious student and thorough scholar. His name will long live in those circles in which he moved, both in America and Germany; and his life, though short, may well serve as a model for those who knew him."

In his intercourse with his nearest friends, he exercised an influence that was silent and unobtrusive. "Arthur was able," writes one, "to accom-

plish more in his short life than most of us will in ours. His influence upon me will always live as an inspiration, and this must be true of all who knew him. If a friend could lay down his life for a friend, I believe that I had been able to make the sacrifice for him."

And another, his friend and pastor in Berlin, Dr. Stuckenberg, recently writing of him, says:—

"It is a joy to remember his firm and cheerful faith, his devotion to truth and right, and his deep interest in the welfare of his fellow-men and the cause of the Master. His conscientiousness was all the more striking because laxity of conscience has become so prevalent. There never was any doubt as to where he would be when a question of duty was involved. The sterling qualities which endeared him so greatly to us who knew him most intimately are also the ones we now remember with gratitude. Although his life was short, it was well worth while to live for the exercise of the noble qualities which adorned his soul and made his life beautiful."

In turning his face homeward, Arthur, not without many regrets, gave up his cherished purpose of a visit to Greece before his return to America. During the last semester, he had arranged to accompany his friend and teacher, Dr. Graef, and others of the University; but an unavoidable delay in the printing of the dissertation kept him in Berlin when the party went away. Later, he intended to join with

a fellow student in a journey by the way of Venice; but their plans miscarried, and he was left to contemplate the visit alone. His letters express hesitation in adopting the latter course, for he said he needed companionship in a strange country, with the spoken language and manners of which he had little or no acquaintance. At this point, he received a letter in which I proposed to meet him in Paris on his return from Athens, or earlier if by any means the journey into Greece should be abandoned. "I was in such a condition," he wrote in reply, "that I took your letter as decisive. It seems as if Providence had used every means to keep me from going, as each time I had planned to go with any one, circumstances frustrated the plans." Of the purposes in connection with his preparation for active life, which he had in mind when he left America, this was the only one which was unfulfilled. "However, I shall go there sometime," he said, "when I can remain longer and perhaps enjoy it more."

Arriving at Utrecht, the old life had passed. May God grant that it may be said of us, at the end, that our lives have been as complete in the fulfilment of duties as his. The tour through the quaint and art-filled towns of the Low Countries, upon which he had now entered, was one which



gave him the highest pleasure. The opportunities of seeing the works of the Dutch and Flemish masters in their homes, long desired, were eagerly embraced; and in the public galleries and churches, and in private collections, to which he was often welcomed, he added rich mental stores to those which he had already amassed. His diary and letters contain many pertinent and thoughtful notices of what he saw in those days, from which I have quoted elsewhere.

"In Bruges," he writes, "I saw three little collections. One contained not a dozen works, but they were works which would almost make one break the second commandment." These were chiefly works of Hans Memling, to whom, as to Luini, he seems to have been attracted by his spiritual delicacy and tenderness of feeling. Speaking of Catholicism, he writes, "As an art critic I admire it; for I must confess that Protestantism has been rather hostile to a warm religious art." In another place he adds: "Somehow the great religious painters are generally Catholics." In this he recognized the prevailing coldness of Protestant and modern art, which seldom own the earnest purpose and devotion of the works of the older Catholic masters.

In the meantime he did not forget the pursuits in which he had been so long engaged; but in

every museum and collection, with a copy of his dissertation in his pocket for annotation, and his note-book in hand, he searched for undescribed vases and antiquities, or added fresher notices of familiar objects to his collection; as at Leyden, where, he says, "there are some Greek vases which fell into my dissertation, and as I had n't done much with them by reason of poor notices, I got accurate descriptions of several pictures."

A characteristic incident which occurred at this time, and which illustrates the conscientiousness with which he worked and the pains with which he gathered his materials, is mentioned in one of his letters, which often take a diurnal form. He was at the Hague, when in the night he awoke and began to question the completeness of some notes which he had taken at Leyden. The next day, although in haste to proceed on his journey, he retraced his steps. "I saw my vase," he writes, "and then went back to the station; found my train gone, and so went to the Museum of Natural History to kill time. Then I started for a train, but on the way thought of another point relating to the vase of which I did n't feel sure, and went back to the Museum of Antiquities again."

In the celebrated private collection of M. van Branteghem in Brussels, in addition to a vase which

he especially wished to see, he found an unnoticed Amazon vase of importance, of which with the consent of the owner he secured a description for publication. Much of this work, and of that which he afterwards did in Paris, was with reference to his dissertation, which, in his wish for something more complete, he proposed to translate into English or German and publish with additions and illustrations.

One of the most pleasant portions of the tour in Holland and Belgium was the few days that he spent at Antwerp, the interest of which was increased by a visit to Beveren-Waes, the home of his friend of the ship "Waesland," the Burgomaster Van Raemdonck, who gave him a cordial Flemish welcome. This visit to Beveren was often mentioned among the occasions which he was wont to call the pleasant things of his life. Of a return to Antwerp as among the promised things of the future he had often spoken, and his anticipations were happily realized. He seems to have systematically sought out the places we visited together on our first landing in Europe; and in his letters he often dwells lovingly both upon his past and present experiences. "I have heard the sweet bell of St. André," he writes. "I have enjoyed my visit here. Of course, much that was novel when

I first came has no great attraction now; but the town has n't fallen so flat on me as did Cologne, when I went there the second time. The people interest me, especially the children. The youngsters are usually pretty, and dozens of them might have served as models for the little angels in the pictures of Rubens." On Sunday, "I went to a little church where I saw a strange thing, — people, chiefly women, singing a kind of liturgy, without a priest."

From Antwerp to Ghent, and by Bruges and Brussels, he passed on to Paris, living less in the present than in the past, but ever filled with a most intense desire and an obedient will to gather all that could direct him in, or teach him of, the paths in which his life seemed turned. He arrived in Paris on the evening of the twenty-third of April. With characteristic industry, he spent most of the next day in archæological work at the Louvre, and later, with a student's instincts, sought the old-book trays on the parapets of the Seine.

It was a dark and rainy evening when the Havre Express carried me into Paris; but the lights of the *Tour Eiffel* burned brightly in the south, and my boy was waiting for me. A little later, as seated side by side we were driven through the brilliant and drizzly streets, I felt that nothing could

separate us. All the past, with its anxieties and fears, was behind us; and after a few weeks of recreation we would sail together to our home over a summer sea.

As Arthur had preceded me in Paris by several days, he had prepared a place for me in a little hotel in the Rue de Richelieu, close by the death-place of Molière and the National Library, and the arcades of the Palais Royal, where the English language was barred and no compatriot came to vex us. He always preferred such houses to the more pretentious and larger hotels; because, as he said, foreign manners were not improved by mixing, and he wished to have them in their purity. In this he showed that he understood the art of travelling, as well as when he wrote:—

“The philosophy of travelling consists in taking what comes, and in not growling because everything is not just as it is in your own country. Every nation has its faults and its merits; and the faults must be swallowed without complaint, if one wishes to get the benefit of the merits.”

It was midnight before we had finished our first talk, and much was left for the morrow. All his activities and thoughts turned toward the future, and it seemed as if he longed to pierce its untried mysteries for the story of his own life. That life was sketched in his mind in clear, firm lines. Cir-

cumstances or opportunities might have filled them in with unexpected details; but I think those lines, unblotted, would have run through a noble and useful career.

He had changed little since our parting in London. There seemed to be at times an under-current of sadness in his looks and speech, as if he were looking backward upon the life which could come to him no more; and sometimes an eagerness, as he spoke of the coming life, as if he were impatient to take up the burden of joy or sorrow which the future held. But in his lighter moods, all the freedom and carelessness of his boyhood returned with a clearness that brought back the memories of many happy hours. Seldom had I seen him more unconstrained and joyous than when, casting aside all sober thoughts, we indulged in the old pleasant way in a round of jokes and cheerful repartee. His mock earnestness and comic seriousness might have imposed upon a stranger for a while, but a gleeful chuckle that he never could repress always came at last to betray him.

If it were difficult to sketch the dream of the London days, how can I repeat that of those delightful weeks that were more shadowy still? How swiftly they flew, with all their changing round of art and life! I recall one day when with tireless

feet we sought the old Paris, half-hidden by the new, when we stood beneath towers whose bells had sounded the tocsin on many a fearful night and whose walls had echoed with horrid revelry or the wild roar of civil strife. In crooked street or dark *passage*, unknown to less eager feet, we saw with curious eyes many a relic of the past, the home of Isabeau de Bavière or of Queen Marguerite, or the house of Hugues Aubryot, tottering to its fall. At the close of the day in the retirement of a convent garden, hidden from the world, we stood uncovered by the grave of Lafayette, while the aged guide, with his little granddaughter by his side, pointed to an American flag that with its staff leaned on the wall, or told us of the dead of the Reign of Terror that slept around. And when all was over, we sailed to Auteuil in the face of the setting sun, and came back in the cool evening along the river bank.

Another day we made pilgrimages to Montmartre and St. Denis, names sacred to the memories of martyrs and kings, filling fully the round of the happy day; and at night, by La Cité and the towers of Notre Dame, we sailed in the twilight to Charenton.

Arthur was a good guide, for his former visits had made him at home in Paris, and his studies

had given him skill in clothing anew the story of the past, as he found it in street and church or tower. At the Louvre, where most of all we loved to linger long hours, I saw the result of that which he had gathered by observation and thought. An ardor seldom surpassed, subdued and governed by quiet analysis and cool criticism, had formed a rare combination, which gave to his thoughts the warmth of color and the repose of marble. He was never effusive, seldom enthusiastic, in expression. His pleasure was shown in a repression of speech rather than in words; yet when the words were spoken, they showed how just was his recognition of the true and false, and how natural were the rules which he instinctively applied. It was the spirit which he sought. If that were weak or absent, the form had no lasting attraction. It might please for the moment by the force of color or the excellence of *technique*; but lacking that which to him was the breath of life, the impression soon passed from his mind. It was this which made a day at the *Salon* one of entertainment rather than of enjoyment, in which he lamented that the skill and genius of recent French art, with all its brilliancy and power of color and composition, had little purpose and less spiritual life.

In architecture, he still had most enjoyment in



the freedom of the mediæval Romanesque, which he found in Paris, apart from a few fragments of secular or conventual work, only in the ancient and transitional churches of St. Denis and St. Germain des Prés. The picturesque churches of St. Eustache and St. Etienne du Mont, where the Later Gothic begins to yield to the tendencies of the Renaissance, held a fascination for him in the struggle which he saw between a parting and a coming power; and he returned to them again and again. More recent art, aside from the associations of localities, was of value to him as it approached the freedom of the earlier periods and the conditions which he regarded as essentials in all good work.

But two whole days remained of our stay in Paris, when on a pleasant May morning we rode by shady Meudon to Versailles. As we strolled along the bosky avenues of the great park, the blue sky and the long vistas, where between tall trees we looked over emerald lawns stretching far away into pearly distances, recalled the meads of the Thames and Hampton Court. In the neglected groves of Le Petit-Trianon, with wandering fancies, we peopled the scene with the bucolic life of the old time; and the silent hamlet became merry again as the wheels of the mill went round and the hapless queen and her pseudo-peasant court, in satins and silks, danced

country dances on the green or played, as if life were all a summer fantasy, the trifling pastorals of Berquin. It was a blissful morning. The distractions of the world were far away, and the overhanging sky and the greenery of Nature seemed to exist only for themselves and that dream of the past which had come to us. It was a scene such as Arthur, with his artistic sense and quiet nature, loved; and with fervor in his voice he connected it with those other days, the memories of which held a lasting place in his heart. All that we saw of art and splendor in that crowded day could not obscure the glory of that happy morning; but a brief record by him who loved its memories most, and a tiny bunch of delicate dried flowers are all that remain.

The next morning we devoted to the Louvre; and in the afternoon, under a sky as blue as that of Versailles, we sailed once more upon the Seine, going down to Sèvres, that Arthur might see again a favorite vase. Returning, we spent another hour at the Louvre, and closed the day in a final book-hunt along the *quais*.

The next day, betimes, we were at the Louvre, where we spent the few remaining hours. Looking once more upon the loveliest woman of all time, the Venus of Milo, and the marbles of ancient art,


pausing again before those matchless figures of Renaissance art, the women of Jean Goujon, who have looked upon Queen Marguerite and the dead Henry of Navarre, and heard the voice of Molière, we passed along the familiar corridors, and lingered among the treasures of the *Salon Carré*, or sought, for a last and loving look, the favorites of the *Grande Galerie*. All too soon sped the morning hours, until Arthur asked me to return to the *Salon Carré*, where are gathered the choicest pieces of this great treasure house of art. Those he esteemed the most were passed in quick review; and at the last, with a look upon his face that was almost sad in its intensity, he stood before the brightest gem of Spanish art, and with a sigh turned away. His voice was tremulous as he said, "I shall see them all again."

It was in the face of the Virgin of the Immaculate Conception of Murillo that he bade farewell to the art of this world. We cannot say that his love for the beautiful and the true and the judgment that intensified his admiration or subdued it have been lost, or that the experience and thought which had come to him have passed away without fruitage. We do not know that, with a clearer vision, he does not walk in a fairer land where the genius and learning that have passed from our

mortal state, impeded no more by human weaknesses, create that which has no earthly peer and is worthy of the city golden and the great white throne.

On the morrow, as we stood upon the deck of the steamship "La Bretagne," and the green hills of Normandy were growing gray in the distance, I saw the sad and eager look return to his face, and again the tremulous words came to his lips: "I shall see them again." I knew he was bearing in his heart a regret for the days that were past, and that his eyes saw not the receding coast-line, but were looking far beyond into a country which had given him of its best, for the friends whom he already wished to see. Yet, with all these regrets, he looked with eagerness and confidence to the home-coming, and the loving friends, and the life-work that were beyond the western sea. On the last Sunday in Paris, he had written to a friend:

"It is my last Sunday on the continent of Europe; and as it draws to a close I feel a tinge of sadness, even though the journey I am about to take is to bring me home. The old life is nearly at an end, and what the new may bring I know not. Still, —



" 'He who hath led will lead,  
All through the wilderness;  
He who hath fed will feed;  
He who hath blessed will bless.' "

I remember the light in his eyes when, on the morning of the eighth day, the first pale streak of Long Island rose on the distant horizon. It was good to see America, even though it were but a strip of sand. All through the voyage, his interest was less in that which had been than in that which was to come; and with all the frankness and confidence which had distinguished his boyhood, he let me into the inner circle of his plans and hopes. His hopes were bright, as becomes the hopes of youth; but they were not extravagant, and they might easily have been realized in the anticipated years. His plans were minute in particulars, but comprehensive in depth and breadth; and they reached out to the end of a busy life. His thought seemed to have surveyed the conclusion of his career, as well as its beginning and course, and to have forecast the whole with a rare prudence and self-restraint.

I cannot change into words the memories of the short twelve weeks, — too short to quench the thirst which his long absence had brought us, in which he entered once more into the old home life. To us, they have hardly the substance of reality, so fleeting were those days that intervened between the return and that peaceful morning when a golden mist hid him from our view. We remember, as

those who wake from sleep, so indistinct and far away it seems, how the first greetings were said, as he entered the home that had been lonely without him, and how he went, first of all, to the range of shelves where his books stood as his own hands had placed them. Then, as the days went on, the home became full of life again, as he brought back to it the merry spirit and fun of his boyhood. He used to sing the old college songs, "the louder the better," he said; and the neighbors became familiar with his favorite choral, "Ich bete an die Macht der Liebe," which he loved to whistle long and loud, with all the relish of a careless boy. He said he must be a boy a little while before he put on the dignity which must come to him.

A little while he gave to the renewing of old associations in the seeking of friends, especially at Cambridge. Commencement and the annual meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Chapter were occasions which he keenly enjoyed. Then, with the old longing which would not allow him altogether to cease from study, he began to translate and recast his treatise on "Synzesis." Upon this the last work of his life was done. At the end, it was found upon his table with several volumes of various critical editions of his favorite Homer; and near by lay the pen which his living hand had laid down to resume no more.

During these weeks he had much correspondence in relation to various positions, some one of which he hoped to assume in the fall. In this a peculiar quality of his character was manifested. On being requested by the president of a university in one of the Middle States to become a candidate, with good prospect of success, for a position in which, in addition to lecturing in Greek and Latin courses, he would have taken charge of advanced students in French, he declined, although the place was one which seemed desirable to him. He said he knew he would be able to satisfy the authorities, but he did not feel that he could satisfy himself in teaching French. He would have been his own most severe critic. Of a rare quality must that work have been which could satisfy the exactions of his clear perceptions.

In the short time he remained in Malden, with the prospect of an early departure to other fields, he hardly came within the influences of our local life; but he had begun to enter into the work of Christian help with much of the spirit which had animated him in Berlin. This was done without a feeling that he was doing aught beyond the commonest things of life, so unobtrusive was he in his ways and so unmindful of any spiritual quality which he possessed. It was natural to him as

breath or movement. He had no thought that he was making friends when he was influencing others in the most subtle ways. His influence was like the sunlight or the gentle rain falling silently upon the earth. With others he became interested in the Armenians, many of whom were in Malden; and it appears that he gained their love, for they have given proof of their respect for his memory in many thoughtful ways. In the "Ararad," the organ of the Armenians in America, his death is noticed as that of a Philarmenian, who "knew much of the past and present history of the Armenians, and had a marked sympathy for them."

On the evening of Wednesday, the twelfth of August, he wrote a few words in his diary, the last he ever penned. Never had he appeared more happy and full of life and health. He was running over with fun, but the cause of death had already come to him. The next morning he was not well; but although a physician was called during the day, it did not appear that the illness was serious. On Saturday I had arranged with representatives of a prominent University in New England for an early meeting with him, so confident was I of his speedy recovery, when a hasty message called me home. There all were in tears. The shadow which only the eternal morning shall remove, had already fallen.



Arthur had become aware of the dangerous condition in which he lay; but there was no weakness in his voice nor fear in his mind when he asked of the physician at the close of the day, "Shall I live through the night?" It was the calm voice of one who asks of the ordinary things of life. That night at his request, following his constant habit from his earliest years of reading some portion of the Scriptures before retiring, I read for him the fifty-first Psalm, — the psalm to which of all others he most often returned. It was his earliest favorite; and there is in it a sense of confession and humility, which was most accordant with his character. He often referred to it as his own, connecting it with the ninety-first, which he called the Mother Psalm, as belonging particularly to his mother.

All through Sunday we tried to hope for life; but the watchful eyes of the physicians, — kinsmen, and friends, — could see little hope as the disease stealthily gathered him into its power. During the day he spoke to his mother of some things which, although long past, had troubled him; and at the end he said, with a cheerful look, "Now we will never speak of this again, forever." Then he gave her that passage which has sustained us in many an hour of weakness: "Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." A little later, while

talking with me, he spoke of some word or deed which I had long forgotten, and eagerly asked if I had *truly* forgiven him. So pure was his heart, and so void of offence was his clean spirit, that little things which would have passed the notice of many men troubled him to the extreme. When, willing to turn his mind, I spoke of the pleasant days we had passed together, his face lighted with a smile, and he said slowly, as if dwelling upon the memories of the past: "Heidelberg, Hampton Court, Versailles," recalling those three bright days of which I have spoken.

A consultation of three physicians on Sunday afternoon failed to give us any hope; and so the day, his last, passed away. In the evening some favorable symptoms were observed; but an increasing weakness of the heart opposed our hopes. Soon after midnight it became apparent that the end was near; and as his mortal strength failed, his mind seemed to gain scope and power. His thoughts were luminous and clear; and his words, with the old scholarly instinct and habit, were simple and well-chosen. We stood as those to whom heaven was opened, wondering at the height and depth and purity of the spirit which we were just beginning to know. It was in those last hours that we became truly acquainted with him whose life had

X been passed beside us. It was as if he had put off the body and were already clothed in the white robes of the kingdom of God. His thought seemed to take in at one sweep all his life and his friends. Messages of love to those at home and in Germany were frequent; and his Alma Mater, and the American church in Berlin, and the Jewish Mission there were remembered by him with tender expressions. Speaking of the Classical Department at Cambridge, he added: "You know I loved that department." Turning to Mr. Harriman, who with his other faithful friend, the physician, had remained by his bedside, he said: "Will you attend my funeral?" Then he spoke of a place of burial, and after a little conversation selected that beautiful spot on the hillside in Forest Dale, where his body now rests. All this was done with the quiet manner of one who prepares for an earthly voyage from which he shall return. At times he asked that some one would pray, and often prayed himself, not for life and health, but in the trusting spirit of one who waits only the accomplishment of the will of God. Once after a little pause he repeated in a clear voice the first verse of the beautiful poem of Montgomery:

"'Forever with the Lord!'—

Amen, so let it be;

Life from the dead is in that word,

"Tis immortality."

Later, he said in a dreamy way:—

“The day is done; its hours have run;  
And Thou hast taken count of all,—  
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,  
The broken vow, the frequent fall.  
Through life’s long day and death’s dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our Light!”

Then looking towards me he said, “That is from Faber,” as if to remind me of a long walk that we took in London to find a copy of Faber’s Hymns, which was a favorite with him ever after.

On seeing that the physician had exhausted all earthly means, he said with a quick, decided voice: “Now I will fight for my life, for my father and mother,” and asked for water, — “from the old town pump,” he added. Of this he drank copiously. To our surprise there was a rapid change, and for a brief space hope came back to us. The disease was plainly abating; but the wearied heart was failing in its work and the tide returned. Then he submitted with calmness, saying only, “I am so tired; I have had a hard struggle.”

As exhaustion came, and his mind, for weariness, became less clear, the German came more readily to his lips, as if by use it had become habitual to him. Portions of the Scriptures and of poetry came often, that our unaccustomed ears could not catch. At times he seemed to be conversing with absent

friends; and once, looking into my face as I supported him, he reached out to kiss me; and with the pleasant smile I knew so well, as I looked into his eyes, he spoke to me in the language of his other home across the sea. These were his last words to me.

As the night waned and the day came on, I drew the curtain, that perchance his dying eyes might see once more the beauty of the earth he loved. It was in vain. The light came no more to those quiet, thoughtful eyes. With mortal sight he saw no more the earthly vision, but the soul already turned to the glories of a brighter world. So near were we to heaven that the spirit may have trod the celestial plains while the earthly form lay breathing and warm in our arms. Slowly, with weakening pulse, he drifted from us, until like a child asleep, his head was gathered to his first resting-place, upon his mother's breast, and he gently breathed his life away.

In the midst of our prosperity, when life seemed the fairest and our hopes the most secure, death took the best of all we had and left us bruised and bleeding. Not in this life but in the life to come it will be given us to know the mysteries of the mercies of God.

Oh! what a loss - How

how often I think of the day when I saw him  
from the bottom of the sea









# Memorial Service.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, MALDEN.

AUGUST 30, 1891.

## Order of Service.

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1. ORGAN VOLUNTARY.
2. 

{	a. Doxology.
	b. Twenty-third Psalm.
	c. Invocation.
	d. "Nearer, my God, to thee."
3. SCRIPTURES. Psalm xci.; John xiv. 1-4;  
Rev. iii. 7-13.
4. HYMN. "Abide with me."
5. NOTICES AND OFFERINGS.
6. SOLO. Mrs. F. H. Carlisle.
7. PRAYER.
8. HYMN. "Lead, kindly Light."
9. SERMON.
10. HYMN. "Forever with the Lord!"
11. BENEDICTION.

## S E R M O N.

BY THE REV. NATHAN H. HARRIMAN.

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ON Sunday noon Arthur supposed that he was soon to go, and called his mother for a parting interview. During this interview he quoted these words of Scripture:—

*Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.—*  
REV. iii. 11.

The word “crown,” as a symbol, is of frequent occurrence in the word of God. That which awaits the redeemed of the Lord at the end of his pilgrimage,—all the blessedness and glory and felicity of his heavenly inheritance,—is embraced in the symbolism of the “crown.” The “crown of life,” the “crown of righteousness,” the “crown of glory,”—these all are efforts to express in symbol “the things which God hath prepared for those that love Him.”

A young man of rare worth and promise has recently gone out from this community to lay hold of all that is implied in the promise of the “crown.”

Before going, his soul laid hold of the force of the exhortation of the text, "Hold fast;" and he uttered the words of the text with interest. It is instructive to the living that in that hour which he supposed was his last, and in an interview with his dear mother which he supposed his last, he should feel that the Christian has something which he needs to hold fast,—that the blessedness beyond, "the crown of life," depends upon our holding on to present possessions. This text will always be to me Arthur's text, and will have for me peculiar significance.

In a few brief hours after uttering these words, our friend "fell asleep" in Jesus; went forth to receive his crown; and we are here assembled to-day to honor his memory. It is fitting that we should do so. His brief life was so full of high attainments and of rich promise, and his going hence was so triumphant, that the church he loved and the community in which he lived may well pause to lay upon his grave a memorial wreath, and to take into their hearts the lessons which his life and death so plainly teach.

We do not speak in eulogy. It is a simple, unadorned tale we tell of a serene life and a triumphant death; and we tell it to the glory of that grace which was so manifest that it has sweetened a little this too bitter cup.

“A man’s heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps” (Prov. xvi. 9). Seldom does the force of this deep truth come home to a church and community with sterner shock than to this church and this community in the untimely death of Arthur Corey. One of our city papers expressed the verdict of the community when it used these words: “The death of no young man within Malden’s limits could have been of so deep concern to the city.”

What plans were interrupted, what fond hopes were blasted, in his sudden summons to “come up higher!” Surely, “God’s ways are not our ways; neither are our thoughts His thoughts.” Our thoughts looked forward to a brilliant career among men, a career for which nature and laborious study had well fitted him. In the bloom of youth, crowned with academic honors well-earned at home and abroad, with the doors of more than one seat of learning open to receive him as an educator of youth, with the heavens all aglow with the promise of spring-time, the summons came, suddenly, unexpectedly, and he was ready. “Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.” Strong, well, happy, hopeful, expectant! and in less than one hundred hours he had passed out from among us, — graduated to that higher university where he will find

ample exercise for all his expanding powers. To-day is Arthur's second Sabbath in Paradise.

Never shall I forget the sudden look of mysterious wonder which came into those earnest, beautiful eyes, when on Saturday afternoon he received the first intimation that he was dangerously ill. "Mother," said he, "am I really so sick?" In that one moment, I think, with preternatural swiftness his mind took in the full sweep of hopes deferred and ambitions interrupted. For one brief second a look of sad surprise filled his face and shone out at his eyes; that was all. In that one instant was concentrated, I think, all of regret that his soul ever knew, for through all the painful hours that followed, until he "fell asleep," no note or whisper or suggestion of repining was heard to pass his lips. In his prayer to live, it was that he might be a comfort to his loved ones. I think that in that moment of surprise that he could really be dangerously ill his spirit found the Father, and from that brief conference he came forth satisfied; nay, I am not sure but that there was a sense of relief and even of restful joy, to leave the time of his going in the hands of One whose eye sweeps all the broad horizon of past and future. Who shall say that it was not so?

Before speaking of his life and death, I will read

an adaptation of verses by Dr. Faber, which was read at the funeral, and is expressive, in tender, loving words, of parental sorrow:—

### A CHILD'S DEATH.<sup>1</sup>

Thou touchest us lightly, O God, in our grief;  
But how rough is Thy touch in our prosperous hours!  
All was bright, but Thou camest, so dreadful and brief,  
Like a thunderbolt falling in gardens of flowers.

Our only one! Father! how glorious he was,  
With the soul looking out through his fountain-like eyes!  
Thou lovest Thy Sole-born, and had we not cause  
The treasure Thou gavest us, Father, to prize?

But the lily-bed lies beaten down by the rain,  
And our darling is gone from the place where he grew;  
Our darling! our fairest! Oh, let us complain;  
For all life is unroofed, and the tempests beat through.

I murmur not, Father! My will is with Thee;  
I knew at the first that my darling was Thine;  
Hadst Thou taken him earlier, O Father!—but see!  
Thou hadst left him so long that I dreamed he was mine.

<sup>1</sup> I have taken great liberties with this beautiful poem; yet in no sense have I wholly robbed it of its original meaning. Change was necessary to adapt it to the circumstances of our present need. The whole of verses 2, 6, and 10 have been omitted. The chief adaptations are in verses 3 (the second in copy), 4, 7, and 11. The possessives are the principal words changed, and that to adapt the lines. One line was changed, however, with a view to improve the original,—the third line in verse 7. — N. H. H.

Thou hast honored our child by the grace of Thy choice,  
Thou hast crowned him with glory, o'erwhelmed him with  
mirth,

The heavenly choirs are enriched by his voice,  
While his parents, disconsolate, weep upon earth.

Yet, oh for that voice which is thrilling through Heaven,  
One moment our ears with its music to slake !  
Oh no ! not for worlds would we have him re-given ,  
Yet we long to have back what we would not re-take.

We grudge him and grudge him not, Father ! Thou knowest  
The foolish confusions of innocent sorrow ,  
It is thus in 'Thy husbandry, Saviour ! Thou sowest  
The grief of to-day for the grace of to-morrow

Go, go with thy God, with thy Saviour, dear child !  
Thou art His, and thy sorrowing parents are His ;  
But to-day thy fond parents with grief are made wild,  
To think that their son is an angel in bliss !

Oh, forgive us, dear Saviour ! on Heaven's bright shore  
Should we still in our child find a separate joy ;  
While we live in the light of Thy face evermore,  
May we think Heaven brighter because of our boy !

## I. HIS LIFE.

Arthur Deloraine Corey, the only child of Deloraine P. and Isabella H. Corey, of our own city, was born April 13, 1866, and died of peritonitis, Aug. 17, 1891, in the house where he was born twenty-five years and four months before.



If I shall recall some of his achievements, it will be but to emphasize the magnitude of our great loss.

With brow bedecked with bright laurels won in academic halls, magnificently furnished for work as an educator, panting for high achievement, which he undoubtedly would have realized, he paused for a few brief weeks upon the threshold of the world of his dreams, but did not enter therein. His Lord had other plans for him,—the gates of a larger life swung wide, and he passed into the glory. It was better so, but it took us all by surprise. Let us praise God that *he* was not taken by surprise,—he was fully ready.

1. INTELLECTUAL. His course in your own public schools was a brilliant one. He graduated at the head of his class in the High School, at the early age of fifteen years, and during his whole course there was never absent or tardy, and never received a demerit. His supremacy in his studies was ungrudgingly admitted by all his fellows.

In Harvard University, in spite of two protracted illnesses that nearly destroyed two full years of study, he graduated in five years from the time of entering, receiving honors on his entrance examination; second-year honors in several subjects; final honors in the classics, and Honorable Mention in

four other subjects. When he graduated he stood second in the department of classics and sixth in the work of the entire class. His name also stands in the University catalogue as a winner of a Detur, and also of a first Bowdoin prize, — an honor highly coveted by ambitious students.

That he early passed beyond the student stage in the study of his beloved classics, — the stage, I mean, of task-work, — and entered what may be denominated the master's stage, — the stage of study and research for study's sake, — is evidenced by the fact that he was one of the most influential movers in the organizing of the successful Classical Club, composed of professors and a few choice spirits among the students; he was also its first secretary.

To this record in the regular course for the Bachelor's degree, he added an equally good record in the Master's year, taking the degree of A. M. in 1887, at the early age of twenty-one years.

These achievements but whetted his appetite for deeper research, and he turned with longing heart toward the German universities. His desire was granted by loving parents who readily consented, for love's sake, to four years' separation from their boy. In the autumn of 1887, Arthur matriculated at the Royal Friedrich-Wilhelm University in Berlin.

For four years of separation his life was graciously spared, and his studies were eminently successful. In March of the present year he took the degree of Ph. D. in a dissertation in Latin, which has received the favorable comments of scholars at home and abroad. On the twenty-fifth of May he arrived home. But twelve brief weeks! How startling the change from all his plans and all the fond hopes of dear ones!

Mystery it is, deepest shadow of mystery! but behind the mystery "standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own." And from that shadow sounds God's voice: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Mystery! yes; and from our human view-point, blinded as we are with the fast-falling tears, an inexplicable and a harsh Providence: but from Faith's view-point, the sunrise mountain peaks of a blessed hope appear. The morning dawns, and the shadows flee away. Behind the glory-lighted peaks of dawn lies for us the near solution of the present mystery. It is well embraced in the beautiful verse which Arthur quoted that night as he lay in the gathering shadows:—

"Forever with the Lord!" —

Amen! so let it be:

Life from the dead is in that word,

'T is immortality."

Two characteristics of Arthur's intellectual life impressed me strongly, — its honesty and its modesty. He lived a peaceful, studious life, retiring, unassuming, generous, self-forgetful, singularly conscientious from earliest childhood. Devoted to truth, his friends and his books; distinguished as a scholar and a thinker, he was yet no pedant; no one was oppressed by his wealth of learning, — his modesty and considerateness concealed it from those less favored.

During his last weeks among us it was my good fortune to have more than one protracted conference with Arthur upon themes of interest to us both, — deep questions of Revelation. The remarkable alertness of his mind impressed me, but not more deeply than the absolute integrity of his intellectual processes. Quick to form a theory, he was no less quick to abandon it at the first appearance of contradictory fact. "Thus saith the Lord" outweighed with him the attractiveness of the choicest theory, and that instantly.

His genuine modesty was impressed upon me in all my intercourse with him. It is significant that so remarkable an achievement as his elaborate and scholarly "Dissertatio," — to which reference has been made, — on which he received his degree at Berlin, was not known to me until after his death.

In the same line also is the fact that he put no value on his Bowdoin Prize essay. Somehow, this has been lost or mislaid in the library at Harvard; and it is characteristic of the man, that he was glad that it was lost, so altogether lacking in merit did it seem to him as he looked back upon it. So diligent a student was he, and so high were the ideals which he pursued, that it is probable that any achievement, however lofty, would to him very quickly seem unworthy. It was the sign of a rapidly expanding intellect.

2. SPIRITUAL. I have spoken of his intellectual achievements; it is necessary that I also recall something of the richness of his spiritual life.

At an early age, so early that his parents cannot fix the time with exactness, Arthur recognized his need of a Saviour and the claims of God upon him, and he became a Christian. He did not join the church, however, till near his twentieth year. At that time he was baptized and became a member of this church.

While in Harvard, he was an active and interested member of the society of Christian Brethren, the society which, during his residence in Cambridge, was merged or changed into the present Young Men's Christian Association in the University.

On going abroad he at once became an active and

valued worker in the American church in Berlin, and a member of the students' section of the Young Men's Christian Association,—a body which is doing so much for Christ and morality in that great city. During his stay in Berlin he also became an interested worker in a mission among the Jews, and his interest in this remarkable people continued to the end. One of his latest remembrances was a gift to this Berlin Mission.

Since his return he has become actively engaged in Christian work,—taking part in our meetings, teaching in the Sunday school; and when the Armenian department was organized he was made assistant superintendent and threw himself into the work with characteristic zeal. His interest in the young people's meetings was shown in the fact that he led the Sunday evening meeting just one week before his last Sabbath among us.

## II. HIS DEATH.

I have spoken thus far of the life of our dear friend who has gone. If his life has in it that which is of value to us as a church and people, surely the death he died is a rich legacy.

Sorrow is sacred, far too sacred for the vulgar gaze of the merely curious. But because of your

love for Arthur, and for the sake of the rich lessons contained in his going hence, I am permitted to lift the veil and admit a sympathetic public to that sacred chamber where our friend met the death angel, looked him in the face unterrified, took his hand and went forth triumphantly with him to meet his God. It was a scene never to be forgotten.

1. INCIDENTS. Arthur was born among you. He grew up among you. Later years of foreign travel and study removed him from you for a season, and earlier devotion to his books made him partially a stranger to some. But there are before me many who knew him well. Your own boys played and studied with him. Some of them were on the other shore to greet him that morning when he first set foot in the streets of the celestial city. Others of his companions and friends are here still, and mourn their loss and ours. You thought you knew him well. Yet to those who knew him best, those last hours were a revelation of heights and depths before unsuspected. "It seems so hard that he must be taken from us in order that we might become really acquainted with him," was the plaintive cry wrung from the agonized hearts of his dear ones. Yet it is ever so. There is vastly more in every man than comes to the surface in the ordinary experiences of life. It takes the deeper experiences of life to re-

veal what really is in the soul of a man. Immeasurably greater than his highest achievements is the soul of every man; and Arthur might have lived the full period of life and there would still be unexplored regions lying beyond the ken of all but God himself. I count it one of the privileges of my life to have known him even for a brief period, and to have been admitted to that sacred chamber of blessed revelations, when his dearest friends on earth saw him transfigured before them, and bowed in astonishment in the presence of the revelation.

Arthur was by far the calmest person in the room during those hours from twelve to four o'clock that Monday morning, before the delirium of exhaustion came upon him and bore him beyond our reach. During those sacred hours, with clear mind and peaceful heart, he talked freely of going, remembered one by one the friends and causes he loved, sending messages and remembrances to his friends and substantial gifts to different objects. His love and thoughtfulness omitted nothing. We stood upon the very borders, and I am sure that we shall always be better for having been there.

It was a little group,—father, mother, grandmother, the physician, and the pastor. He talked much. Now it was messages of love to friends at home and in Germany; now it was words of com-



fort and counsel to his parents; now it was gifts to special objects or particular persons among his companions; now it was directions respecting his funeral and burial; now it was prayer, he himself praying many times, and always with resignation, — if he prayed to get well, it was that he might be a comfort and joy to his dear parents.

“Tell ——,” said he, “to go to church as she used to;” and he turned to me and explained that he was speaking of a dear friend who had gotten out of the habit of attending church.

Of another friend he spoke at this time to his mother, and said: “Tell him that I want him to get back again into the old ways,” — and he explained that it was one of his old companions, a good fellow, but he had wandered off into scepticism and was very far from being happy. Of this one and another he said: “Tell them to follow my steps so far as I have followed the steps of Jesus.” The dying have privileges of speech, and their messages are very sacred.

Remembering his interest in the Armenians, I said: “Arthur, have you any message to the Armenians?” “Yes, tell them to love Jesus,” said he promptly. It is a pleasure to record that his interest in them was not unappreciated by them. On the day of the funeral they came to the house

in a body, bringing beautiful flowers; and around the open casket they offered prayer in their own tongue, thanking God, as the interpreter said, that they had known Arthur and been made better men by that acquaintance, and asking that grace might be given the parents to bear up under the great sorrow.

Arthur quoted much during those hours from the blessed Word, from hymns and other writings, some in German. "In my Father's house are many mansions," one quoted; and he caught up the blessed truth, Jesus' rich legacy to His beloved, and quoted it to the end of the passage.

During a pause in his sufferings he offered a fervent prayer. Then he turned to his mother and said: "You pray;" and one after another, his dear ones offered prayer at his request. "Pray some more, some one," he said; and the pastor prayed. With eyes closed he rested a moment, then whispered, "You pray, too, doctor," and in the hush that was upon us, a Christian physician knelt by the bedside of his patient and poured out his heart in prayer for help from the Great Physician, — a faithful man, who followed his patient down to the very borders of the other world, and did not leave him till he lay at rest upon his mother's arm, beyond the reach of human aid or the sensible touch of human love.

I have spoken of his gifts to different objects, including the Jewish mission in Berlin. Once, as I held his hand, he looked up into my face with interested gaze, then turning to his mother he asked eagerly: "Did I earn that fifty dollars, mother? I guess I did, did n't I?" and when the loving voice said softly, "Yes, my boy," he quickly said, "I want it given to the Good Will Homes;" and fifty dollars has gone to the Good Will Homes, in memory of a young man who had every opportunity in life, to aid boys who have but few opportunities.

While he lingered awhile by the shores of consciousness, his boat already unmoored, yet touching the shore now and then as it tossed there for a little before putting out to sea, the first verse of the ninety-first Psalm was quoted, — a favorite psalm of Arthur's, — "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." With unexpected but deeply gratifying quickness he broke in, "I am going for that shadow." And then, to make certain that he was yet within our reach, — for his mind was constantly wandering now, — the voice of his dear mother took up the precious word: "I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress, my God, in Him will I —" and the voice she loved answered back to her own the closing word of the verse,

“trust.” This was probably Arthur’s last conscious word, — “trust.” Praise God! he knew its meaning, and was at that moment testing its value: “My God, in Him will I trust!”

A little incident occurred that I may mention in connection with these glimpses of Arthur’s last hours, as it illustrates his firm grasp upon Evangelical truth, and shows that he placed his trust in the merits of Christ alone. In the many words of endearment that were uttered by burdened hearts, his goodness was spoken of in words which he seemed to interpret as resting on a false theory of goodness; for he quickly interrupted with the words: “No, not without sin; I am a sinner, but I’m trusting in Jesus.” It was a clear statement of his creed, and uttered at a time and under circumstances that gave it great weight. Not without sin, but trusting in Jesus! sure Foundation!

2. LESSONS. In the light of this scene to which I have introduced you, how vividly stand out before us certain rich lessons! — among them the following:

a. The possibility of so settling in the present the great questions of the future, that in the death hour the soul knows its bearings.

b. The need, the pressing, urgent, imperative need, of settling these questions now, of being always ready for the summons to close the books and render in the life’s account.

How these lessons stand out in every word and syllable of that hastily written note of his mother, which came to me in my study that Saturday noon! It read as follows:—

“Saturday morning.

“MR. HARRIMAN, — I believe in prayer. Will you pray that, if it is for the best, our dear son's life may be spared; but if it is otherwise ordered, that the strength may be given us to bear the trial and be submissive to our Father's will?”

To the note was this postscript: “Is n't it a blessing that we know that he is prepared?”

Men and women before me to-day, friends and neighbors of the deceased, and of the sorrowing family: this cry, wrung as it was from the heart of an anxious but trusting mother, has in it for us a message of divine wisdom, “Be ye also ready.” God help us each to heed it. What a shock the note brought to me! It was the first intimation I had received that he was ill. Only the evening before I had looked for him in his accustomed place in the prayer meeting, and had missed him, — for his presence in the meeting had come to be a matter of satisfaction to me. I had noticed and felt his absence, but had not thought of danger. “Pray, if it is for the best, that our dear son's life may be spared,” shocked and stunned me. I could not believe it, I would not believe it, I did not believe it

till the very end; and the suddenness of it has dazed us all. May its reality, and his readiness to go, make us wise in time, that we be also ready!

*c.* Another and a very sweet lesson of this sad time is the vivid illustration it has given us of the sustaining grace of our God. "Abounding grace!" Not a promise broken! "That the grace may be given us to bear the trial and be submissive to our Father's will!" Ah, yes. So we prayed, and our prayers were not unanswered. The dear young man leaned confidently upon that grace, and it did not fail him. It enabled him to forget his ambitions; to forget his cherished hopes; to forget his sufferings; to forget himself altogether, and to think only of those who were to be left broken-hearted by reason of his going.

It was the same abounding grace which lent and is still lending supernatural strength and fortitude to hearts ready to break with disappointment and sorrow. "I know it is right; but oh, it is so hard!" How often the over-burdened heart found utterance in these words! Yet no bitterness, no questioning of the sympathy and kindness of the Father. The cloud hung darkling; but God's rich grace was not absent nor inadequate.

*d.* Another lesson comes to us in the fragrance of the human sympathy which a sorrow like this

calls out. It is the fragrance of crushed flowers, more welcome than the fragrance of the wreaths they sent in such rich profusion, — fragrant also to God, we may be sure.

Words are powerless to touch the heart of a grief like this; but kind, loving, wise Christian words of sympathy are as balm to the wound. From many letters breathing the fragrance of sympathy, most of which were full of unutterable pity and love, and many of them the utterances of hearts that had themselves known deep sorrow, I am permitted to quote a few passages of special interest for the wisdom that they contain, as well as for the love they breathe.

One almost a stranger writes thus wisely of the mystery of this great sorrow: —

“There is only one comfort in the face of such an overwhelming sorrow as this, and that you have, — the belief that the heavenly life is not so dissevered from this as to bring to naught all the hopes and aspirations and bright prospects that death seems so rudely to shatter. We may firmly believe that the fullest and best preparation of life here is the fullest and best preparation for life there.”

Another, who himself has recently passed through a great bereavement, writes: —

“The fact that you have bestowed upon Arthur so much care and attention, and deprived yourselves of so

much of his dear young life to give him such a fit for the duties of life, ought to enhance the richness of your comfort, because your privations have made his character all the broader and richer, and, I believe, more lovely in his new sphere. He enters his new life better fitted to reciprocate your loving attention by the sacrifices you made for him."

From another, a friend who still sits within the shadow of a similar grief, come these comforting words:—

"You and your family are constantly in our thoughts this morning. Your dear boy has been taken at just the time when his life was fullest of promise and he had everything to live for. What great hopes in your hearts have been quenched! But God will help you, and He only can do it. We found great comfort in hearing the voice of the Master say, 'What I do, thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.' For the present, you can only live in the faith, sure and strong, that there is some blessed explanation of such an inscrutable Providence."

From still another letter I am permitted to quote the following words of lofty Christian counsel, — words written by an appreciative friend:—

"Death never seems more mysterious and inexplicable from the side of earth, than when it cuts off the young man on the threshold of life, with such large and adequate preparation behind him, and such brilliant promise before him. How often I have thought of the delight you would now feel in the companionship re-



newed after these years of preparation, and how fully you were suited to enjoy such companionship with him. And only a taste from that cup, and it falls from your lips! Yet out of the same thought comes another, when I look at death from the other side. Not only does the unseen world become more full of life and activity and ennobling service, when the young man passes thither, but the parallel runs closer now. I think of him as across the sea, still enlarging scope and power, and of you as waiting, as you waited these last few years, cheered by the thought of the meeting again, with the new discovery of growth and the father's delight in his son's new progress. I am thankful that Christ's great light has dawned on death and made such hope a reality, and that you have known its brightness."

One of the young people writes, expressing I am sure the sentiments of many more:—

"Though I have known your son only since his return home, I have known him long enough to respect and admire him in all his strength of character. I am glad to have known him; I know my life will be better for his influence."

I think I cannot do better in closing these quotations than to read a sweet verse from one of the letters:—

"The clouds hang heavy round my way;

I cannot see:

But through the darkness I believe

God leadeth me.

'T is sweet to keep my hand in His,

When all is dim:

To close my weary, aching eyes,

And follow Him."

## CONCLUSION.

In conclusion, what a comprehensive lesson of the "certainties of religion" is emphasized in a life and death like this which we have been considering to-day! Friends, neighbors, fellow-citizens, we do know some things, many things, blessed things. There are realities touching the unseen world which we *may* know here and now, — realities which will survive the shock of the death hour. How incalculably important that we know them, that we lay hold of them, that we hold them fast! I am sure that Arthur felt the importance of this when he quoted the words of our text, "Hold that fast which thou hast." To him, if I am not mistaken, there was present a vision of the danger lest we should let slip the certainties in our struggle to fathom the mysteries. To him the text meant, "Hold fast" that which we may all know, — mercy offered and accepted through the merits of a mighty Redeemer; hold fast to loyalty and service and love and gratitude, — yea, hold fast, above all, to the Saviour Himself. I am quite certain that, could Arthur speak to his young friends to-day, one of the things that he would urge upon us would be to cultivate heart piety, personal affection to a per-

sonal Christ, — to get acquainted with our Saviour. This is paramount; it overtops all else. When the death hour comes, in the time when the shadows deepen and foundations are tested, one thing, and one thing only, will endure the test: the heart that knows and loves Jesus will surely find its safe hiding-place upon His welcome breast. “Hold that fast, then, which thou hast.” At the end of the race is the victor’s crown, “the crown of righteousness, which God hath prepared for those that love Him.” “Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out” (Rev. iii. 12).



EXTRACT FROM A SERMON

PREACHED IN

THE FIRST UNITARIAN CONGREGATIONAL  
CHURCH, MALDEN,

ON THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER VACATION, SEPT. 6, 1891,

BY THE

REV. BENJAMIN H. BAILEY.



## EXTRACT FROM A SERMON.

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*The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.*—JEREMIAH viii. 20.

I AM quite sure we shall gain new impulse for moral and spiritual enterprise, if we turn to finer issues than those that seem to be limited by earthly years. The visible world discloses on every hand a continuing providence that nothing can disturb. Shall we contemplate the invisible world of thought, purpose, and faith as the Sahara of the soul, the desert where the voice of the living God is not heard; where no sacred seed is sown, no deathless harvests won? All heritage and history, as well as immortal hope, are of another sort, and are in full token of harvests that cannot pass away, the indestructible reapings, the everlasting fruit, the eternal rewards of the righteous life, faithful to its divine trusts. As in all the years before, so this year has seen, since last we met, the soul's enterprise here on earth, *seemingly*, finished, the mortal career interrupted, the books sealed. Many

lives having little of publicity, but much personal worth, known, perhaps, less by men than to God, are ended; while others, that shone like stars in our firmament, have withdrawn their light; one (Lowell) whose great orbit of learning and wisdom is well nigh finished; and again, a bright star (Corey) "hasting to its setting" in the well-won glory of its brilliant morning hour, —

"So sinks the daystar in the ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;"

but their spirits' power, faith, and love belong to history, to humanity, — to God, a part of the eternal harvest of His divine kingdom.

The scholar, statesman, poet, whose fame was co-extensive with civilization, full of years and honors, passes gently to his grave; but so long as the echoes of his noble verse shall stir these hills, shall his intrepid spirit, early pledged to Liberty's hallowed service, his royal mind, earnest only for the truth, move upon the minds of men. Freedom, duty, truth, right, — no trumpet from out the cloisters of the mind since great Milton's day has blown a clearer, a nobler, a more triumphant and cheering strain. The song can never cease. Such spirit can never die, and its harvests are without end.



I adjudge it simple justice to couple with the name of this eminent deceased American that bright spirit of near intellectual kindred to Lowell in ardent enthusiasm for the best that learning can bestow, — the young scholar, esteemed abroad as well as at home, whose sudden and early translation this whole community justly mourns. When a youth rises by conscientious fidelity to such heights as Corey won, he ennobles the place of his nativity. His honor is our honor, his success exalts us; and every achievement, as he strides on in the shining panoply of truth, is a clarion to inspire generous youth, a trumpet note, now sounding sweet and clear from the heights of immortal life. To say of such career, of such harvest, that it is past because the unwearied worker has early gone home, a full day's work well done, were to impeach Providence, — to say that the great creative mind is careless of its choicest offspring, that sedulous only of its earthly products it was reckless of those best fitted to inhabit its heaven. It cannot be. An endless propagation of thoughts, wise and good; inspirations, elevating, uplifting, cheering; ideas that multiply; purposes that broaden as they rise into greater light, — these are a part of the doom and sacred destiny of the immortal and endlessly achieving mind. The noble essence, just now here, is not exhaled into

nothingness. It has its gathered potencies before unknown; into its proper divinity it has entered, and feels no more the earthly bounds of its radiant force.

These thoughts should chasten our grief and quell an unavailing discontent. Beneath the dense cloud of mortal sorrow that overhangs the home we reverently bow, praying that the Lord of the harvest may help the stricken hearts to feel that the disappointment of earth is a divine appointment, that sooner than they thought, — and oh, how different! — but far more surely than any this world can give, his promotion has come; and the youthful steward, faithful with his five talents, has been early found worthy to enter into the joy of his Lord.

“There entertain him all the saints above,  
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,  
That sing, and singing, in their glory move,  
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.”

*Lycidas.*

Friends, I knew not this man save as the wise, the good, the pure gave him of their hearts' acclaim; but surely the thoughtful mind, even if not knowing him according to the flesh, must be moved when such light changes its place. With reverence for his past achievement and faith in his future, I lay this chaplet upon this early and honored grave.

P O E M S.



## P O E M S.

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THE few poems which follow were found among the papers of Dr. Corey, for the most part in their original form, with all the erasures and interlineations which had been made in the course of their growth. Only three were found in clean copies, and it is probable that even these were not in the form in which he would have allowed them to be seen. It appears certain that none were considered by him as completed; and some were simply the first thoughts which he had noted for future elaboration. With the exception of a few verbal changes, especially in the "Legend of Malden," the copy of which was the most imperfect, they are given as the author left them.

In his busy student-life he had little time for the cultivation of the poetic taste, which he undoubtedly possessed, and which in the leisure that would have come to him at times in the course of a professional life, might have produced something more worthy of preservation. Yet these verses are inter-

esting as showing the peculiar trend of his mind, leading him into the somewhat widely separated realms of spirituality and legend. In the translation from Horace, he found a congenial subject; and his love for country life prompted a diction which is as vivid as that of the charming original. His muse was characteristic, being like himself straightforward and honest, with little ornamentation. His subjects are essentially poetical, and the figures which he uses spring naturally and gracefully from them. Consequently there is no straining for effect.

“A Face” was apparently the first in the series,—perhaps the first which he thought of sufficient merit to be placed upon paper. It was written while he was at Cambridge. Besides the “Sabbath Hymn” and the “Desire of Alfius,” it is not impossible that one or two pieces may be translations; but if so, I have not discovered their originals.

## A FACE.

THAT haggard face, it haunts me yet, —  
Those weary, careworn eyes,  
From out whose orbs all joy has flown,  
As harsh and cold the world has grown,  
And hope all shattered lies.

Yet, she was young and fair, perchance,  
As thou, my love, art fair.  
Pleasure and love did her attend;  
Suitors to her sweet will did bend;  
And naught she felt of care.

Farewell, poor face; thy journey's close  
Will soon be drawing nigh.  
May some kind friend thy grave prepare,  
As from this weary world of care  
Thy soul shall mount on high.

## A LEGEND OF MALDEN.

1775.

UNDER the sheltering hills stands the ancient  
Puritan farm-house;  
Mossy its roof, and darkly above hang the broad-  
spreading elm-trees,  
Such as our forefathers loved to plant by the homes  
that they dwelt in.  
Southward, in front, slope the meadows away, while  
down in the valley  
Bubbles the chattering brook in the warm cheery  
sunlight of summer.  
Under this ancient roof lived the men of the past  
generations,  
Serving God in their time; and then, when their  
life-work was ended,  
Fell they asleep, leaving their tasks to those better  
able to bear them.

One bright morning in spring, — 't was that glorious  
nineteenth of April,  
When in defence of their land and the rights that  
they loved as their life-blood  
Stood our forefathers in arms to resist the rule of  
the tyrant, —



Up toward this house, by the narrow road, came a  
farmer on horseback,  
Andrew Jarvis his name. It was not many months  
since, in autumn,  
He had claimed as his bride, with pride, the eldest  
child of this household.  
Now in the wilderness his home he had made far to  
the westward,  
Whither his wife had already gone, and in their  
new cabin  
Fondly awaited the coming of him who had vowed  
to protect her.  
Now as he neared the house, endeared by fond  
recollections,  
Smiling, he halted his horse, dismounted and went  
to the well-curb,  
Where so oft in the days of yore he had stood with  
his Mary.  
Kindly the family crowded about him with ques-  
tionings eager.  
When he had slaked his thirst, with laughter he  
took leave of the loved ones,  
Saying, as lightly he sprung to his seat, "Good-by,  
and peace to you.  
Now I go on my way; but ere I reach my clearing  
and Mary,

Yonder on Lexington plain, I 'll have a shot at the  
red-coats.''

Onward he cheerily rode, his musket slung over his  
shoulder,

Humming a tune, or thinking of her who was wait-  
ing his coming.

Thus, near the noon-tide hour, he came to Lexington  
common,

Where, in the early morn, had been shed the first  
blood in the struggle

That by the grace of God made the men of this land  
independent.

Now from the old North Bridge came the British  
regulars fleeing,

While on flank and in rear, swarming, the brave  
Provincials assailed them.

True to his word, given lightly, he raised his mus-  
ket; but quickly,

Ere he could aim, came a bullet piercing his heart,  
and around it

Gushed the warm life-blood out. A cry and a groan;  
one gasp as he fell!

Andrew Jarvis was dead, — a martyr fallen for  
Freedom.

Far away in the woods stood the cabin where sat  
Mary Jarvis,

Waiting and watching for him whose voice would  
    nevermore greet her.  
Round it at night howled the wolves, while by day  
    the timid red squirrels  
Chattered and played in the trees, and the cattle  
    lowed in the pasture.  
Long watched the fair young wife; but no tidings  
    she heard of her husband,  
Till one day came a neighbor with news that was  
    bitter to utter.  
“Andrew is slain by the hand of our foe,” were the  
    words that he spake.  
Then like a torrent burst forth her grief that no  
    mortal could comfort.  
Years passed by; she returned to the home she had  
    left with her lover.  
There surrounded by friends she lived in a holy  
    calm as of heaven;  
Then when the summons came, her wrinkled hands  
    in death were fast folded;  
And by the side of her dead, the aged wife was laid  
    by her loved ones.

## TO HERACLES.

O HERACLES, thou shadowy mythic shape,  
Thou ghastly phantom, torment of my life,  
Disgorge the secret that thy name enfolds,  
ὦ Ἡρακλῆ.

Thou greedy glutton, man of mighty strength,  
Friend of mankind and patient sufferer,  
Whether a sun-myth or an Argive king,  
ὦ Ἡρακλῆ.

Relieve my anguish; tell me what thou art;  
Have mercy on my toiling, aching brain;  
And haunt my dreams no more, thou ancient Greek,  
ὦ Ἡρακλῆ.

## A LEGEND OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

1453.

OVER the beleaguered city  
Sink the evening shadows low,  
And to prayer with fearful footsteps  
Tearfully the people go, —  
For this day the Christian soldiers  
In their strong defence have quailed;  
And the Turk now stands triumphant  
At the gates so long assailed.

In the church of St. Sophia,  
Dear to all that mighty throng,  
Kneel in suppliant crowds the faithful  
While is heard the holy song,  
As the priest, in accents gentle,  
Chants the solemn, sacred mass.  
Through the lofty arches murmuring,  
Softly now the echoes pass;  
All the place breathes forth the stillness  
Of a quiet, humble soul,  
Which through ways of calm contentment  
Seeketh the immortal goal.  
Yet, upon this scene of stillness  
Rushes a discordant shout;

Shrieks are heard, and groans, and war-cries,  
At the portal just without.  
Then, as bursts the pent-up torrent,  
Rush the Turks victorious in,  
While beneath the holy arches  
Echoes loud the battle's din.  
With a fearless mien majestic,  
Slowly comes the holy priest,  
Carrying the sacred vessels  
From the altar's use released,  
Down the aisle, among the faithful,  
To the church's massive wall,  
Which — Oh wonder! — opens, yawning,  
And receives him at his call.

Long within the ancient city  
Have the Turks held barbarous sway,  
But the church of St. Sophia  
Ne'er has crumbled to decay.  
Though profaned are now its portals  
By the Moslem's slavish tread,  
And the Christians that once loved it,  
Now are numbered with the dead;  
Yet, within his massive prison,  
Still the priest doth chant the psalm,  
Faintly murmuring, never sleeping,  
Ne'er disturbed by war's alarm.

But when comes the fair-haired conqueror  
From the regions of the North,  
And expels the haughty Moslem,  
From his prison, bursting forth,  
Then will come the ancient Christian  
And take up the broken thread  
Of the mass he once was chanting  
To the crowds that now are dead.  
Then, restored to Christian worship,  
Shall the holy temple be,  
And beneath its ancient arches  
All the people shall be free.

## L I F E.

MAN gropes his way in darkness and in sadness;  
The wished-for good to worthless ashes turns;  
Fear springs from Hope; fell Sorrow comes from  
Gladness;  
The way of wisdom all too late he learns.

He strives long years to win some meed of glory;  
He wins; the boon is hollow, worthless, naught;  
Or else he fails, and then the old, sad story, —  
In vain with manful courage he has fought.

And are these all, these struggles and these failings,  
These victories where the toil the prize outweighs,  
These aching hearts, these falterings and these  
quailings,  
Are these the sum of all man's earthly days?

Perish the thought: beneath the woe and sorrow  
Some joy there must be mortal faith to stay;  
The good has still its place; the glad to-morrow  
Shall more than recompense the ill to-day.



## THE ANGEL OF HADLEY.

1675.

BRIGHTLY the autumn sun shone down on the  
village of Hadley,  
Kindling to gold with its rays the ripening corn in  
the meadows;  
But in the fields on this day the voice of the plough-  
man was silent;  
For over this town in the wilds impended dread mas-  
sacre's storm-cloud.  
So, as our fathers did when troubles thickened about  
them,  
Here in their wilderness home these pioneers of a  
nation  
Chose them a day set apart for fasting and earnest  
petitions  
Unto the God who had brought them thus far on  
life's perilous journey,  
That in His providence kind He would keep them  
unharm'd by the foemen.  
So they sat in the house they had reared for the  
worship of Heaven, —  
Men in the vigor of youth, and graybeards whose  
tottering footsteps

Lingered awhile on the earth ere they passed to the  
portals of heaven,  
Modest young maidens, too, and matrons with home  
cares encumbered.  
There they listened to him who for years had min-  
istered to them,  
As with the calmness of faith he spoke of his Lord's  
consolations.

Suddenly broke on the air the sound of the Indian  
warwhoop,  
Filling the people with dread and dismay, like some  
phantom of midnight.  
Seizing their muskets, the yeomen went forth, but  
in fear and confusion;  
Fruitless they strove, till at length there was seen a  
strange apparition;  
Aged his venerable form, yet with vigor and strength  
in its bearing.  
He, like a master of war, took command of the ter-  
rified yeomen;  
Led them with skill to the charge and routed the  
murderous redskins;  
Then, when the battle was won and danger no longer  
was threatening,  
As he had come he vanished from sight, and no man  
knew whither.

Then in thanksgiving they glorified God who had  
brought them deliverance;  
Who had remembered in mercy His flock, and had to  
His people  
Sent down His angel from heaven to protect and lead  
them to victory.

We of to-day, in the light that we have from the  
pages of history,  
Know that the angel was only a man who had fled  
to New England,  
Hunted from home for his love of the rights of the  
people of England;  
Yet who can say that the God who rules above in  
high heaven  
Sent not this man to His servants on earth in dis-  
tresses and dangers?  
Gone are the days when the angels appeared to the  
prophets and sages;  
But in our days there are angels of God in human-  
ity's fashion,  
Only the eyes of our flesh are holden from clearly  
perceiving,  
So that too often we thrust them aside unheard and  
unheeded.

## A SABBATH HYMN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

O H sweet repose, which Thou, dear Lord, hast  
brought us!

Thou wentest down for me to death's dark night,  
And so didst God's great mercy bring to light;  
Thou hast undone the ill the fall had wrought us;  
Thou on the cross Thy weary eyes didst close.  
I was redeemed, — O Spring of sweet repose!

Thou couldst not, Conqueror great, in death's grasp  
tarry;  
Death died through Thee, and Thou didst rise  
again;  
Now can we see God's mercy, great towards men,  
The light to fallen earth's black darkness carry.  
O risen Lord, the grave Thy victory knows,  
O victory great! O Spring of sweet repose!

Through Thee were opened heaven's glorious portals;  
The new creation perfect God did name,  
Thy master-work, from ages God's great aim,  
Salvation great, that poured on us poor mortals.  
Faith, all abashed, for shame its eyes would close,  
Yet clings to Thee, O Spring of sweet repose!

Lord, with my heart Thy day to honor teach me,  
Thy Sabbath great, which Thou for rest hast made,  
Till from the grave where my poor dust is laid,  
Thou raisest me where trouble ne'er can reach me;  
Then ever, while my face my rapture shows,  
I'll gaze on Thee, Thou Spring of sweet repose.

## SUNSET.

I STOOD by a lake 'neath the woodland's shade  
At the close of a summer day;  
The wind that had tossed the forest trees  
Had fallen and died away.  
In the west was sinking to rest the sun  
And setting the heavens aglow;  
And the waters flowed still beneath my gaze,  
As the river of life must flow.

My thoughts went back to an evening still  
By another far-away lake,  
When they brought of old the sick to Him  
Who spake as never man spake;  
And He came in mercy and healed their ills,  
With a touch that was full of love;  
For His hands were filled with a power that came  
From His Father's throne above.

O Jesus! throned at the right hand of Power,  
Who canst still for men's weak hearts feel,  
Grant us, too, Thy consolations great,  
And all our deep sorrows heal;  
Do Thou with Thy holiness fill our souls,  
Like the peace of a summer's night,  
In all our blind wanderings be our Guide  
Till we reach Thy throne of light.

## THE DREAM OF ÆSCHYLUS.

The subject of this poem is purely fictitious. The scene is laid in the Dionysiac Theatre at Athens, on the evening after Æschylus had been defeated, for the first time, in the tragic competition by Sophocles.

THE theatre's din was stilled; behind the scenes  
In grim despair the poet sat alone.

To-day his pride was crushed; his lofty hopes  
In ruins lay; to-day an upstart youth  
Had vanquished him who erst had ruled the stage.  
Another now might hold, entranced and hushed,  
The fickle crowd that thronged Athena's town;  
Another bear away the victor's crown,  
The goal of all his hopes. Ah, bitter thought!  
So there he sat and nursed in silent woe  
His wrath and spite.

The flying hours passed on.

Time brings its balm for all things; and to him  
Came quiet sleep. The fresh breeze fanned his  
cheeks,

From sea-girt Salamis across the strait  
Where Persia's power was checked, her pride brought  
low.

He slept and dreamed. Now as a careless child,  
In youthful gayety he roamed the fields

Around Demeter's shrine. He saw again  
The band of Mystæ wend their sacred way  
From happy Athens to Eleusis blest.  
The feast of Dionysus, too, he saw,  
The players rude, the simple tragedy.  
He heard, and felt within his breast the call  
To lead poor Tragedy from where she groped,  
Trembling and stumbling, into glorious light.  
Again, at man's estate, he stood in pride,  
Crowned with success, the favorite of the crowd.  
Life was worth living; Dionysus now  
Had truly blessed his servant. Then there came  
Athwart this glory, darkening, blasting all,  
The fearful vision of his late disgrace.  
"O Dionysus," in his sleep he cried,  
"Why this fell stroke, — this awful, cruel woe?  
Thy servant ill deserves thy scorn and spite."

At this it seemed that down the theatre's slope  
The god himself came in his wondrous car,  
With all his noisy revel-train about,  
And stopped before the stricken poet, and spake:  
"Old friend, 't is no despise, — I love thee still;  
Let nature have her way: the old must yield;  
The young shall win the prize in art and war."  
He ceased, and from the god's attendants came  
A strain of song divinely clear and sweet:



“Think of past glory and fame;  
Fret not thy heart for another’s success;  
Not for this fall shall thy praises be less;  
All men shall honor thy name.

“Greece shall thy memory adore;  
Nations unknown, in the isles of the sea,  
Homage and honor shall offer to thee;  
Cease, then, and fret thee no more.”

The vision passed away; the poet awoke.  
The great, dark pit before him gave no voice.  
He knew that he had dreamed; and yet he felt  
That by the dream his patron god had sent  
A message that should soothe his grief and woe.  
He went his way. His heart was wounded still;  
But now the rankling, stinging pain was gone.  
His soul fresh courage took; his rival now  
Might win. He was assured himself of fame.

## THE DESIRE OF ALFIUS.

HORACE: EPODE II.

“HAPPY the man who far from business strife  
and care,  
As were the men of ancient days,  
Ploughs with his steers his fields ancestral free  
from thought  
For usury’s mean and troublous ways;  
Who is not by the trumpet harsh aroused to war;  
Who does not fear the angry sea;  
Who shuns the crowded market and the haughty  
doors  
Of richer, greater men than he.  
In peace to growing, clinging tendrils of the vine  
He weds tall, silvery poplar trees;  
Or in the vale’s retreating dells the wandering  
flocks  
Of lowing herds around him sees;  
And, pruning with his hook the dead and useless  
limbs,  
He grafts more fruitful scions there;  
Or in clean vessels honey, pressed and pure, he  
stores;  
Or shears his sheep with tender care.

Or else, when Autumn, decked with apples ripe,  
his head

O'er fruitful fields upraises high,  
How he delights to pluck the grafted pears and  
grapes

That emulate the purple dye,  
Which, Priapus, he offer may to thee, and thee,  
Silvanus father, lord of bounds!

He likes to lie, now 'neath the ancient holm-oak  
tree,

Now stretched on soft and grassy mounds;  
Meantime, the rivers glide along with channels  
full,

The birds complain in forest trees,  
And fountains gurgle with upflowing waters soft,  
Inviting to sweet sleep and ease.

But when the wintry time of mighty thundering  
Jove

Brings storms and wraps with snow the ground,  
He drives, now here, now there, into besetting  
nets,

Fierce boars with baying hunting hound;  
Or stretches meshy nets on slender poles along,

A snare for toothsome field-fare sweet,  
And catches in the noose the trembling hare and  
crane,

Pleasant rewards for toilers meet.

Who, pray, does not forget, amid these joys the  
ills

And cares that love to men doth send?

Yet, if a modest wife his house and children sweet,

His labor sharing, carefully doth tend,

Such as a Sabine, or the sunbrowned rustic wife

That shares the swift Apulian's love, —

Who heaps, against the coming of her weary lord,

Old logs the sacred hearth above;

Or shutting in their wicker fold the joyful herd,

Their udders full of milk to dry;

Or bringing out a jar of sweet new wine to spread

A feast that money cannot buy, —

Give me this life; and Lucrine oysters then I'll  
spurn,

Or turbot more, or dainty bream,

If e'er a storm, thundering upon the eastern waves,

Drives them into our sea's bright gleam.

No bird of Africa I'll eat, Ionian quail

I'll not esteem so sweet to taste

As from the richest branches luscious olives culled,

Or sorrel green in meadows waste,

Or mallows wholesome to the body racked with  
pain,

Or, at the Terminalian feast,

An ewe lamb sacrificial slain or mangled kid

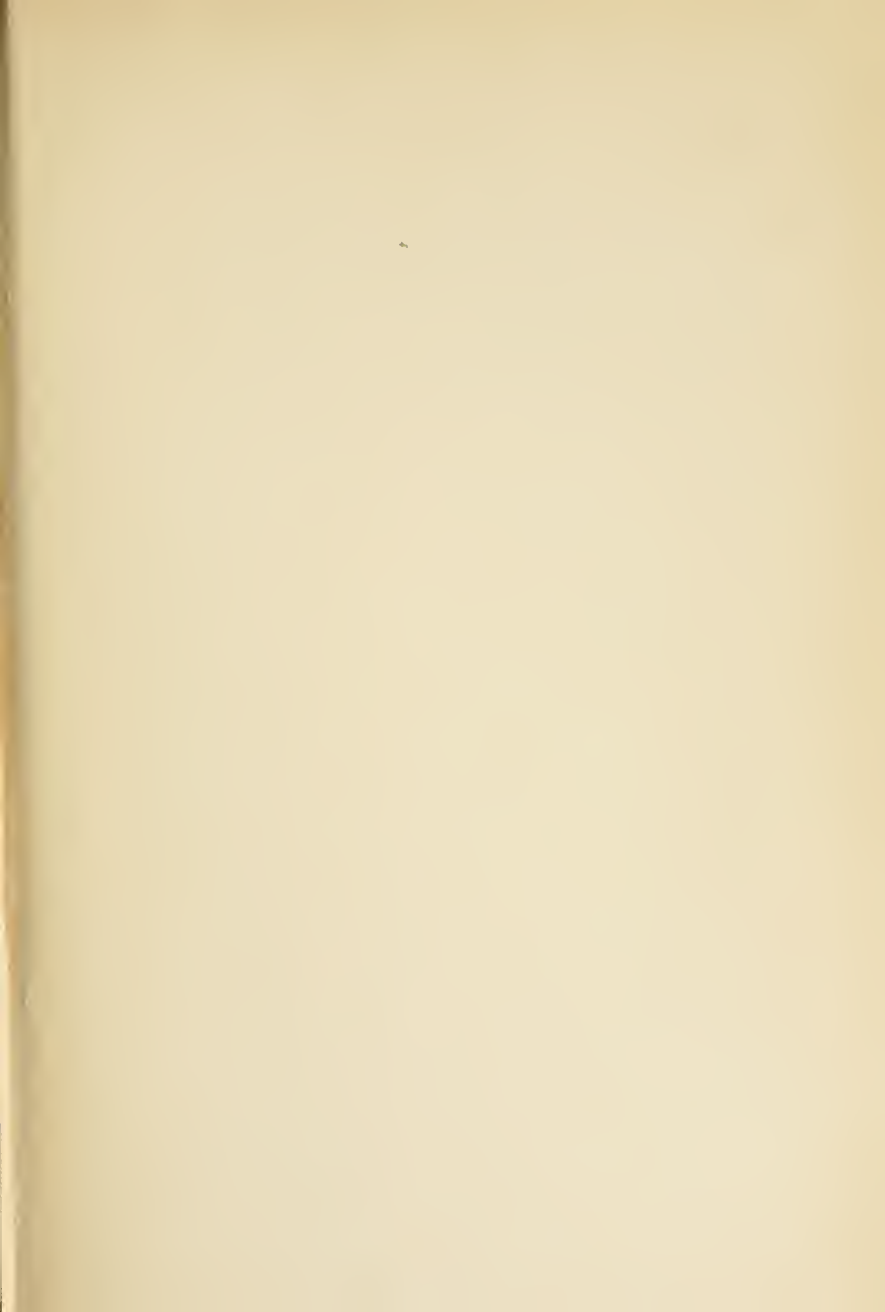
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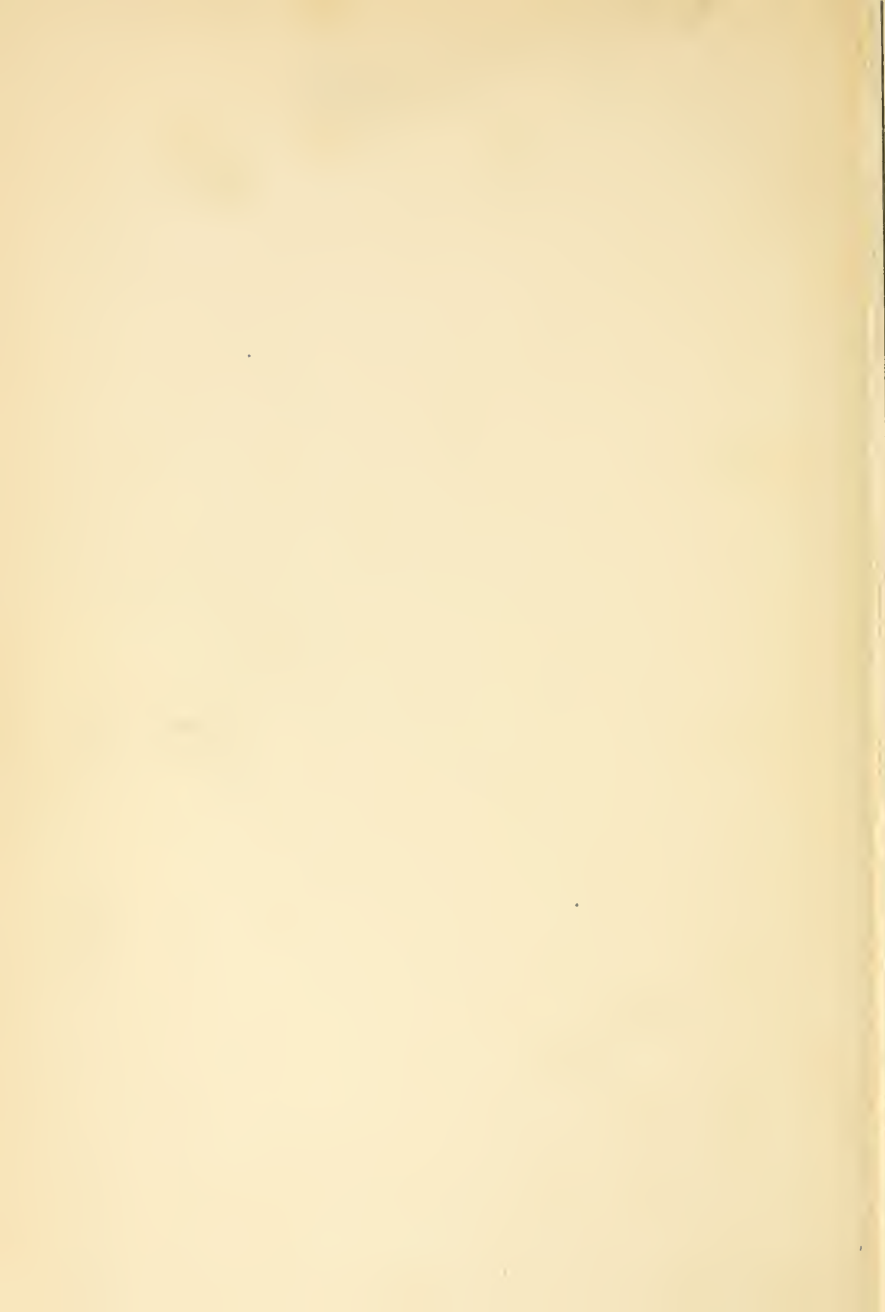
Amid such rustic feasts how pleasant 't is to see  
In homeward haste the pastured sheep;  
To see the wearied oxen draw the upturned plow  
With languid neck o'er hillsides steep,  
While home-bred slaves, the rich lord's servants,  
near recline,  
And full on them the fitful hearth-fire bright doth  
shine."

So spake the usurer Alfius, care-oppressed and  
worn;  
A rustic life he 'd surely lead;  
And on the Ides collected all his goods and  
wealth, —  
Next day, investment sought with greed.

THE END.









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Arthur Deloraine Corey  
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